



*Stainforth.*



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12611. f. 16.

THE  
ROYAL CAPTIVES.

VOLUME IV.

ROYAL CAPTIVES





THE  
ROYAL CAPTIVES:

A  
FRAGMENT OF SECRET HISTORY.

COPIED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT,

BY  
ANN YEARSLEY.

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VOLUME IV.

---

Dear spirit of refinement !  
From where thou hast chosen thy pure celestial  
dwelling descend !  
From thee, bright form of innocence,  
Fly the brutal shadows that darken the bosom of man.  
Thine are the grand, the energetic, the invifible;  
Thou art the foul of the world !

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L O N D O N :  
PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,  
PATER-NOSTER ROW.

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BY  
A. M. Y. E. A. R. S. L. E. Y.

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Thine are the virtues that lighten the midnight;  
Thou art the light.



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## THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

---

O! I have dar'd to meditate on Death!  
Compar'd the millions that have gone before,  
With ages to come after! Feel resolve  
Collected from necessity! To die!  
Is nothing; could I bid my soul be still  
And hush her fond enquiries.

THIS short speech had delighted me when a boy. Dormoud smiled, and told me gallantly, he supposed I should appear like a summer-sun, most splendid at my setting; took his brimmer, and drank to 'Our next merry meeting.'

The clock struck twelve—the night was terrible! Wind and thunder al-

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B

ternately

ternately shook the battlements ; and lightening seemed to mix with the great ocean ! We stood a few moments at the window of Dormoud's elegant apartment, making observations on this anger of the elements, when some person knocked at the door ; the Governor stepped into the passage, said something in a low voice, and returned.

“ Does the Chancellor le Tellier  
 “ suppose the insurgents will dare  
 “ a second attempt, Sir ? Are they  
 “ not sufficiently discouraged by the  
 “ superiority of the King's forces,  
 “ and the loyalty of his sub-  
 “ jects ? ”

‘ We think not ; a strong league  
 ‘ is forming ; the Prince of Orange  
 ‘ is suspected of an intention to aid  
 the



‘ the Duke of B\*\*\*\* ; and the Duke  
 ‘ of Savoy is highly irritated at the  
 ‘ insults he has received from those  
 ‘ he terms ministerial *Petit-Maitres*—  
 ‘ With all their ill-timed valour they  
 ‘ are hastening the fate of those they  
 ‘ would preserve.—It must be so—  
 ‘ But the sun will go his course to-  
 ‘ morrow as usual.’—

At the close of this ambiguous  
 sentence, Dormoud shut the window,  
 and led me from his apartment to  
 go to the Hall of Execution.

In following him, I passed the  
 image of Louis the Just ; beneath  
 which, my dear faithless Emily had  
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Casting up a melancholy look, I exclaimed—

“ If thou wert conscious of my  
“ tendernefs—of the sacrifice I made,  
“ tears would issue from thy marble  
“ eyes!”—

‘ To whom are you speaking’ (said the Governor, turning quickly.)—

I made no reply.

Either he had ordered silence throughout the Castle, and obliged every person to avoid the passages we were to pass, or a supernatural horror reigned; not a foot-step, a whisper; nor even a sigh (but mine) was heard; yet I felt less terror than fancy had struck me with in beholding the Marquis.

Full



Full of soft ideas, I was indifferent to the complaisance of Dormoud—I cared not for any thing he meant to shew me. I had no desire to see the Hall of Execution, or the varied preparations made use of in destroying the human race; but I awoke as if from a dream when he stopped at the very door behind the pillar, which opened with the great key Faminée had procured, and led towards my Father's dungeon!—We advanced a few paces along the gallery; I could see the lamp burning on the black marble—the hour was awful! Even the wretched, I fancied, were tasting repose. Dormoud did not continue to usher me to the end of the gloomy passage, but stopped suddenly at a door on the right-hand—  
'Come, on Henry, this is our way—  
'be not discouraged—'

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It was dark ! I tried to look forward, when he had thrown the door back on its heavy hinges—in vain ! Not a particle of light invited my eyes ; and, to increase my apprehension as I put my foot on the step to follow him through this impenetrable horror, I heard a noise near the dungeon which held my injured Father !

You who read my story ! conceive my agony !

My blood ran cold through every vein ! The palpitation of my heart shortened my breath ! I shook ! Lost my strength, and caught hold of Dormoud.

“ Are they murdering him !—”

‘ Murdering whom ? ’ replied the Gover-

Governor, without the least emotion or concern.

“ O ! Dormoud—I shudder—”

‘ Aye, I feel you do’ (said he calmly) ‘ and I am rather surprized at your being so easily alarmed after being here so long.’

“ Heaven can witness for my soul !  
“ it is not for myself I feel ! No ;  
“ I am inured—I am doomed to  
“ sorrow ; yet, above my fate, still  
“ there is a something here !—”

‘ Nonsense—Follow me, there are  
“ lamps in the hall—your fears are  
‘ only born of darkness.—Come,  
‘ come ; but make as little noise as  
‘ possible—do not talk so loud.—’

8 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

Taking me by the hand, he led me on. I observed he had not shut one of the doors as we entered.

‘ No matter—I can shut them as I return.—’

We at last came to the Hall of Execution—Here was displayed the awful pomp of barbarous taste. The cieling was lofty, the extent spacious, the pavement marble, and the walls terrific from presumptuous idolatry.

No religion on earth, I believe, materialises the Deity more than that of the Roman Catholic,

On a throne was represented an old man, sitting in judgment, cloathed with majesty, crowned with glory, and approving murder. Beneath this  
judge,



judge, yawned the fiery jaws of purgatory, into which some of the holy fathers were feigned to plunge innumerable wretches; whilst others were panting to draw them out as fast as they could catch hold of them, without burning themselves.

The Virgin Mary was painted on the left hand—Young, exquisitely handsome, and very merciful.—An Egyptian would have taken her for his Isis; a Grecian for his Juno; and any man, of any other persuasion, might have taken her for what he liked—

Impious absurdity of human pride, in levelling ALL to human conception!

This was not a time for me to enu-

merate the millions of trillions of inadequate notions men maintain of what they do not understand; I was conducted hither, that I might amuse myself with the play-things of Death.

Dormoud had hold of my arm (a fashion with many men, who would kiss you and cut your throat) and we walked round the Hall. He planning pleasures enough to last him a thousand years—I reading the tragical inscriptions, with many valuable names, cut deep on the ebony-wainscot. Dormoud rallied my absence of mind; but I drew him back and made him remark the following lines, which appeared to be scratched with some little pointed instrument.

“ Pray lend me your pencil, Governor !

“ verner! I wish to copy them;  
“ they are elegantly mournful.”

‘ The guards are gone!—One fleeting day is  
mine,

‘ To call home memory, and for death  
prepare,

‘ ’Tis terrible!—Ah; how will Lodnor pine

‘ When home he hies, nor meets Maria  
there.

‘ Bright sun! sink thou not on my Lord’s  
disgrace!

‘ Banners of freedom woo him from afar;

‘ And tho’ thy breeze, kind heav’n, ne’er saw  
my face,

‘ O guide my Lodnor thro’ the stormy  
war!

‘ Pale is my cheek, my Lodnor!—Unad-  
mir’d;

‘ Slow beats the heart by thy dear form  
imprest;

‘ No more by delicate affection fir’d,

‘ My head shall on thy manly bosom rest.

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' Should my wan shade e'er cross thy mental  
' view,

' Or, chance direct thee where I sleeping  
' lie,

' Drop one soft tear! the with'ring turf re-  
' new,

' That hides Maria from thy faithful eye.

' Maria D\*\*\*, brought here in  
' the morning, 2d March, 1660,  
' condemned in the evening of the  
' 9th to die.'

" Who was this lady, Governor?  
" What was her crime?"

' You must ask her husband's fa-  
' mily.—She disgraced them by her  
' poverty. These matters are tri-  
' fling—we never notice them.—  
' Every execution is only a passing  
' stroke. Come and sit down—yon-  
' der are cushions, at the further end  
' of



‘ of the Hall. The time is precious  
‘ —I cannot indulge you much  
‘ longer.’—

We went on. A black cloth I perceived was spread on the floor, the cushions were covered with black, and the lamps threw a dismal hue on this part of the Hall. Here were the pincers, the dislocating wheel, the cord, the block, the axe, and the large goblet full of deadly poison!

‘ Be seated, Henry, we have company coming.’

I obeyed with astonishment, at the the Governor’s mentioning company; and my amazement arose into horror, when I heard a sound of trampling in the gallery, which came nearer  
towards

towards the Hall every moment.—  
 Rising from my seat, I said to Dormoud, “Excuse me, Governor, I  
 “ would rather not witness an execu-  
 “ tion, some other evening I may  
 “ have more courage.”

‘Pshaw!—Courage!—When was  
 ‘ a man valiant till he saw the neces-  
 ‘ sity of being so?’

My expostulation was in a moment ended. My eyes were fixed towards the door, when three of the guards led in my Father!—Caution, danger, even death was forgot. I ran to him; the soldiers, with their swords pointed, bad me stand off; and my Father would not notice me! He spake not a word.

A fearful silence followed. I look-  
 ed

ed at the guards, the Governor and my Father alternately. I wished for an explanation—yet dreaded to appeal to either.

‘ You perceive, Henry (said Dormond) I cannot suffer you to depart so soon as you would. But this gentleman’ (pointing to my Father) ‘ is not quite so impatient; and those who are passive take but little time or trouble. Guards unmask him.’

My Father was seated on one of the black cushions; the mask he wore was unbuckled from behind, taken off, and laid on the table; when the guards withdrew a few paces.

‘ Have you determined, Sir, on the manner

manner of dying ?' (said Dormoud to my Father.)

' I have made no particular determination—the manner to me is immaterial ; it depends on you.'

My heart was swelling high with inconceivable anguish. My Father's looks were meant to encourage me—I understood them ; but he was still silent, and shook his head when I attempted to speak to him ; his hope of dying alone soon vanished !

' Henry' (continued the Governor) what kind of death would you prefer among the many you see prepared ?'

" The block."

' It



‘ It is very much at your service—  
‘ you may lay your neck on it at  
‘ your pleasure.’

“ Cold, obdurate, deliberate vil-  
“ lain !”

‘ You lose your philosophy, Hen-  
‘ ry, when you most need it ! I fear  
‘ were you to be allowed to think  
‘ much more, your virtues would all  
‘ follow ! Is it not friendly to send a  
‘ man out of so wicked a world, with  
‘ all his full blown virtues thick upon  
‘ him ? You have been faithful to  
‘ my friendship, useful to my love,  
‘ and loyal to my Sovereign—So,  
‘ Sir, kneel.—Executioner, do your  
‘ office.—Or, (turning to my Father)  
‘ would you wish to go first, Sir.—’

‘ Willingly--most willingly !’

My

My Father arose from his seat to lay down his sacred head on the fatal block! — It was too much! I pressed him affectionately to my fluttering heart: intreated him to remain where he was, a few moments, and earnestly prayed Dormoud to order my execution first.

‘Nay, that gentleman is the elder, and I doubt not the wiser. Politeness bids you give him the preference.’

“Monster! wouldst thou stand by  
“and have me behold my Father  
“murdered!”

‘O Henry! O my Son;—You  
‘are lost!’—

He could say no more—I implored the Governor—

“Pity him!—Didst thou ever  
“pity?”

“ pity ?—Try to dissolve thy frozen  
“ barbarous nature !—Be a man only  
“ for a few moments ! I only ask  
“ thee to spare me the sight of my Fa-  
“ thers’s dying agonies ! Hadst thou  
“ never a father ?—End me guards !  
“ Dispatch me with a thousand  
“ wounds ; but let me die before  
“ my Father !”

‘ It is over !—I have no more to  
‘ fear—no more to conceal, Henry.  
‘ It must not be ! Have I not known  
‘ a longer date of misery ? Is it not  
‘ just that my career finish before my  
‘ Son’s ? Am I not more wearied,  
‘ more weakened, perhaps more ir-  
‘ resolute ? Permit me first to die !—  
‘ Think how seldom I beg favours.’

“ What doings are these !—Dor-  
“ moud ! Thou art voluptuous even  
“ in cruelty ! Thou wouldst drag  
“ forth

“ forth my soul, thou wouldst ma-  
“ terialise it to lay it on thy rack !  
“ Thou wouldst mingle thy raptures  
“ with all the mental horror my  
“ mind can know !—How have I de-  
“ served, that thou shouldst so re-  
“ fine torment ON ME ?”

‘ Let me see—here is but one me-  
‘ thod of doing so—you must both  
‘ drink of this cup; and your facul-  
‘ ties will, at an equal rate, extin-  
‘ guish.’

‘ Be it as you approve, Henry,  
(said my Father, taking me by the  
hand) ‘ be not discouraged! The  
‘ Spirits of good men are through  
‘ the world aspiring after distant hap-  
‘ piness; and when life has thrown  
‘ up all earthly enjoyments; when  
‘ we have tasted of the whole ban-  
‘ quet



' quet which Nature hath prepared  
 ' by her careful hand to feed the  
 ' senses, still that Spirit is awake  
 ' within. Still that Spirit is lan-  
 ' guishing; we know not how to  
 ' gratify it; we are ignorant even of  
 ' the nature of the blifs after which  
 ' it pines: consequently, not finding  
 ' enough in this orb, we pant to dis-  
 ' cover more; we pursue an EFFI-  
 ' cient, that is capable of full gra-  
 ' tification; nor will the ardent de-  
 ' fire end, till spirit hath found its  
 ' cause. Exalted by this idea so  
 ' vast, so wonderful, and so infinite,  
 ' that it looks on through space for  
 ' ages—WE WILL DIE.'

" Farewell! Farewell! my noble  
 " Father!—yet let me one moment  
 " hold you to my heart. Allow the  
 " last tear, your Henry will shed, to  
 " fall

“ fall on your bosom ! It falls for  
“ you !”

‘ Henry ! my dear Henry ! Do not  
‘ quite unman ME ?

“ May you, my Father, in hap-  
“ pier regions, meet your Elea-  
“ nora !”

He burst into tears—I was incon-  
siderate—but who could have been  
collected ?

‘ Give me the cup ! my Son pro-  
‘ longs my misery.—He forgets him-  
‘ self—if he will not obey my pre-  
‘ cepts, I will instruct him by my  
‘ example.’

“ Not yet ! Not yet ! one moment  
“ longer ! Dormoud, thou mayst  
“ one

“one day ask as much of heaven!”

‘It may be so; but I shall never ask for more than I want.’

“Give me the cup!—I will not be disobedient—My Father shall drink first, if he resolves it—”

Dormoud gave me the poison—I raised my eyes to heaven, and implored my Creator to make death easy to my Father.

“O Thou! whose innumerable worlds have eternally rolled, and will for ever roll around thee, look down, look down, and bless my dying Father! He would own thy care! bid thy angels hold him! cause his Spirit to come  
“to

“ to thee, and take me humbly to  
“ thy mercy !”

An awful silence was observed. Death invisibly threw his terrors even on the hard heart of Dormoud ; and I was lifting the fatal draught to my lips, when one of the guards, who was standing with his back towards the door, fell : another was wounded from behind. I threw the poison in the face of Dormoud, who had drawn his sword, which I snatched from him, blinded as he was, and resolutely advanced towards the door with the hand of my Father clasped in mine.

“ I will now die like one who  
“ dares to sell his life !”

Before I could strike, five soldiers,  
whom



whom I had never seen, entered the Hall of Execution. What was most remarkable, they held up their hands as a token of commanding silence: but the guards of the Castle, obstinately resisting, were soon laid breathless on the marble pavement.

Dormoud remained in a painful state at the further end of the Hall; the deadly potion had affected his sight: he knew not the nature of the contest, nor could he attend to it, so extreme was the smarting of his eyes occasioned by the poison; and, by the time he was a little restored, he saw the guards of the Castle dead, and the Hall filled with soldiers, not one of whom had spoken a single word: such is frequently the valuable effect of martial discipline.

I was equally, with Dormoud, at a loss to know how this sudden and wonderful adventure was to end; but, as I was convinced no single sword could make any great havock on such a number of men, who individually seemed to possess as much bravery as myself, I waited with my Father the result.

Dormoud once attempted to pull the cord of a bell, which I supposed would have alarmed the Castle; but one of the soldiers caught his arm, and pointed a sword at his throat, so that finding himself not among his best friends, he was as quiet as my Father and me.

Suspence vanished at the appearance of the Marquis, followed by faithful Malnor: the soldiers arranged

ed themselves, and we welcomed these noble friends with great but silent transport. The fate of Dormoud seemed to depend on the judgment of men, whom he had deeply injured. He lost his philosophy as I had lost mine; the love of pleasure was damped, the moral virtues he had scorned through life were strangers to him; and, to take a retrospect of the past, was enough to make him wish annihilation; yet he kneeled to the Marquis and implored his mercy! Little could he expect!—little had he afforded the miserable. Observing the Marquis hesitated, I seized the pause of humanity, and requested my deliverer not to take his life, or be bound to answer his Spirit at the throne of the Supreme.

“ What can we do with so abandoned, so finished a villain ? His abilities perverted, are forcible enough to corrupt a world.”

“ Let the world care for itself—  
“ take not his life. My Father’s  
“ features are not known here. Buckle  
“ the mask he wore on the head of  
“ Dormoud, wrap him in my Father’s  
“ black robe, and leave him  
“ bound ; his tongue is sweetly fascinating—He will save himself.  
“ If not, he will only fall the victim  
“ of a Sovereign he adores.”

This metamorphosis was soon completed ; not exactly after the Pythagorean system of change, yet I fancied my quondam Governor looked better than my Father in a mask.

We



We had little time to spare; our party was strong, but we wished for no more work of death.

“ Farewell, Dormoud ! Take care  
 “ you never ask for more than you  
 “ want; I cannot think you a coward  
 “ and after having been here so long;  
 “ remember death is but a passing  
 “ stroke—remember to protest your  
 “ relationship to Royalty; you can  
 “ but die when your artifice fails.”

Dormoud was too fullen to own remorse for what he had done; too cunning to reveal what he would do; and after binding him, that he might not touch the bell to alarm the Castle, before we were clear of it, we left him to fill the character of the twin-brother of Louis XIV.

With so true a knowledge of mankind; of its ignorance, credulity, its weak and various springs, so easily kept in play by a master-mind, I knew the life of Dormoud would never be the forfeit of his imprudence—How far he had lost liberty none could determine.

The solemn silence observed by the soldiers in entering the long gallery (the doors of which Dormoud had neglected to secure as he led me in) continued in repassing it. Malnor went first; he knew every avenue better than the wisest of us; the Marquis, my Father, and myself were in the midst. But a miracle, full of the deepest mystery, could not have struck me with more amazement, than I felt at seeing Malnor descend into the subterraneous cell.

My

My Father recollected this dismal chamber; the same in which poor Malnor and himself had been lodged where he had lost the miniature of my Mother, five years since, after being hurried through a dreary vault, blown in the rock, and forming a horrid entry into the Castle, deep as its foundations, and secret as the dwellings of the dead!

Directed by Malnor, we crept on our knees through a small door, and continued to steal our way along the passage, in which no sight of space or light could cheer us, it being cut through the earth and the bosom of the rock, at whose foot roared the Mediterranean sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

HERE ends that part of my history begun in the Castle.

We at length hailed a glimpse of day, as we looked forward ; and we hailed it with gratitude to him who gave it birth ! Reinvigorated, we hastened on ; even our respiration seemed more clear, and our limbs more alert—misfortunes and death are frequently occasioned by Fancy. When many human beings are thronged in darkness Fancy immediately raises the idea of suffocation ; Fancy mistakes the want of light for want of air, and the impatience she raises by her terrors, shortens that breathing, in crowded darkness, which Self-collection and Patience would otherwise prolong. The confused and precipitate manner in which our party rushed on towards the light, taught me to reflect on the error of affrighted and unguarded fancy.

After



After many of us stumbling, some falling, and their comrades jumping over them, (a scene which would have created laughter, could we have seen as well as we could hear) we came out on the beach near half a mile from the Castle. Here a detachment waited for us, inspired by the presence of their brave commander, the Duke of B\*\*\*\*, who clasped us in his arms with all the ardor of unabated affection !

A long series of calamity makes the mind eloquent and the tongue mute. My Father could not speak ! He embraced the brother of his Eleonora, while he remembered Eleonora was lost !

I stood aside, that I might not interrupt their tears, which reciprocally

fell; and that I might conceal my own. Who would not have respected the feelings of two noble minds, whose tenderness alleviated the suffering of each other?

My uncle addressed me with all the animation of an hero, whose soul is vast in her desires.

‘ Your country groans, young  
 ‘ Henry! Your Father’s captivity,  
 ‘ with the undeserved miseries of  
 ‘ many more of the nobleſſe, pro-  
 ‘ claim the fallen ſtate of France;  
 ‘ and ſhall Tyranny ſhake with im-  
 ‘ puny her ſcorpions into our bo-  
 ‘ ſoms? No! for the ſake of peace,  
 ‘ and the manifold bleſſings by which  
 ‘ it is attended, we permit our young-  
 ‘ er brother to ſit where accident has  
 ‘ placed him; but we may teach him  
 ‘ public

/ public good. We may teach him  
 ‘ that the private cruelties of which,  
 ‘ perhaps, he is ignorant, while they  
 ‘ are blots in the annals of his reign,  
 ‘ may in the aggregate be redressed.—  
 ‘ To make a King fine, to make a  
 ‘ King rich, to keep a King like an  
 ‘ idol, shut up in gaudy palaces,  
 ‘ to adore the pageantry, and to  
 ‘ forget the man, should not be  
 ‘ be the pride of France. Nations  
 ‘ frequently vie with each other in  
 ‘ this slavish idea; but the business  
 ‘ of a people is to look up to a King  
 ‘ only as the full and necessary  
 ‘ point of their own executive power:  
 ‘ and the pride of a Monarch should  
 ‘ be to hear the peasantry of his  
 ‘ kingdom bless his moderation. I  
 ‘ love your uncle Louis; I once ad-  
 ‘ vised him to mingle his happiness  
 ‘ with that of his subjects; he was  
 ‘ then too far swayed by parasites; I  
 C 6                      ‘ will

‘ will yet preserve him—but I will  
‘ trample on the sycophants by whom  
‘ he is surrounded.’

The Duke shot his fires into me ; my bosom glowed, but my Father was averse to war. Bred a recluse, softened by precept, gazing only on the radiance of the milder virtues, he valued a crown as he would a tennis-ball ; and shrunk with abhorrence from that waste of human life occasioned by ambitious butchers. The Duke, he knew, to be highly generous, frank, sincere, constantly adhering to the first grand principle of human freedom : but sensible of the long and heavy train of private miseries brought on by every violent change in the political hemisphere.

‘ It



‘ It is a question with me, brother, whether you will not, in rooting up one evil, give birth to many, (said my Father) that your nation may be enslaved I allow, but the million is ignorant of it; and yet, it is on the million the burthen of the state must rest; it is the million that must bear it on from age to age, through the broad way which leads quietly to oblivion; whilst the few, the finer few, stand by and judge with pity, labours impracticable to themselves. Willingly would they relieve! willingly would they take the burthen off a patient people! But who are to bear it? Not those who yield to the impresson of the day; not those who are sturdy in language, luxurious in self-delight, and patriotic in speculation; not those who  
‘ would

' would pass Agrarian laws, and re-  
 ' serve dictatorships. Then whom  
 ' will you find to support the pillars  
 ' of state, but the strong, blind,  
 ' obedient million? On whose rough  
 ' limbs the filken band of social or-  
 ' der appears to a microscopic eye,  
 ' as a chain of slavery?—The meta-  
 ' physician may deplore the natural  
 ' necessity he is under, of pressing  
 ' out myriads of lives in every step  
 ' he takes through the peaceful mea-  
 ' dows—he cannot help it—as he  
 ' moves they die! But had he not  
 ' wandered over their vernal king-  
 ' dom, he would not innocently  
 ' and ignorantly have lessened that  
 ' quantity of exquisite life so fine,  
 ' that it requires not his aid, but his  
 ' forbearance; so does the spirit of  
 ' Liberty, forced into motion, like  
 ' some vast unweildy bulk, overturn  
 ' by

‘ by its weight, and knows not  
‘ why.’

“ Must we see and approve the  
“ massacres of France ?”

‘ The subjects of France massa-  
‘ cre each other—no such power lies  
‘ with a king—when a king leads a  
‘ massacre, himself is feeble.—’

“ But the subjects of France may  
“ be better directed—”

‘ *Not till the national soul has acquired*  
‘ *new energy.*’

‘ Agreed!—we will instruct the  
‘ King, the King may teach the peo-  
‘ ple; yet, for many reasons, I wish  
‘ you not to join with the Duke of  
‘ Savoy, whose sole view is aggran-  
disement.

‘ disement. He must not even be  
‘ informed of your deliverance,  
‘ which was my first motive for join-  
‘ ing his force. The troops who  
‘ have assisted in accomplishing this  
‘ desirable event, know not your  
‘ quality; but shall find due re-  
‘ ward.’

“ And why, my Lord Duke (said  
I hastily) “ may I not follow your  
“ fortunes?”

‘ Because, your life is precious,  
‘ you may one day be dear to your  
‘ country. I request you to withdraw  
‘ with your noble Father to the Abbé  
‘ Dorovontes, in the Netherlands.  
‘ The Abbé is our mutual friend;  
‘ with him your wasted spirits will  
‘ revive; you will repose in security.  
‘ You may not banish the sad images  
‘ of



' of wounded memory ; but you will,  
 ' by comparing the past, rise invul-  
 ' nerable to the arrows of Affliction.  
 ' If Louis is wise, he will grant the  
 ' subjects, so long oppressed and  
 ' persecuted by Le Tellier, and his  
 ' implacable son Louvois, honorable  
 ' redress and ancient toleration. I  
 ' will write to him on this important  
 ' topic ; and doubt not of visiting you  
 ' soon with the olive in my hand,  
 ' and the tenderest affection in my  
 ' bosom.'—

As we yet pursued our route be-  
 neath the hills and along the sea-  
 shore, I enquired of Malnor, by what  
 strange means he and the Marquis  
 had found their way into the Castle ;  
 for I was bewildered, in endeavour-  
 ing to judge such a wonderful conca-  
 tenation

tenation of events. Malnor replied:—

‘ The potion I had given the Mar-  
 ‘ quis, had not the effect we so much  
 ‘ dreaded; I had some faint hope  
 ‘ from his having drank but half the  
 ‘ usual quantity, you having struck  
 ‘ the second cup from my hand; I  
 ‘ dared not flatter you when we de-  
 ‘ parted, but by attention he re-  
 ‘ vived. We procured disguises from  
 ‘ some peasants, and the Marquis  
 ‘ resolved to rejoin the party belong-  
 ‘ ing to the Duke of B\*\*\*\*. We  
 ‘ had travelled but a few miles, and  
 ‘ were winding round the hills that  
 ‘ we might avoid the towns, when  
 ‘ we met the Duke accompanied by  
 ‘ a gentleman, whom I did not know.  
 ‘ The Marquis praised my fidelity;  
 ‘ the Duke smiled, and called me  
 ‘ friend;

' friend; my heart was softened by  
 ' his kindness. I begged him to  
 ' command me, and he promised  
 ' to find me full employment.—  
 ' We retired into the woods—the  
 ' Duke's soldiers arrived in small  
 ' parties day and night, and after an  
 ' interval of some months, resolved  
 ' to surround the Castle. The first  
 ' night we were repulsed; on the se-  
 ' cond, at the sound of a trumpet, a  
 ' fortie was made from the gate of  
 ' St. Petre, by the guards of the  
 ' Castle, headed by Guimpierre. We  
 ' killed the guards, and took the  
 ' commander; the latter I was or-  
 ' dered to conduct to our main body,  
 ' while some of our party, I believe,  
 ' entered through the gate of St.  
 ' Petre, into the Castle, and brought  
 ' off a lady, who was a prisoner  
 ' there.'—

“ Where

“ Where is that lady ! Tell me,  
 “ my good friend !—”

‘ I know not—the Duke may in-  
 ‘ form you.—’

“ Well, well—how came you to  
 “ return ?”

‘ In searching Guimpierre, I found  
 ‘ the key of the solitary cell, the  
 ‘ door of which opens near the Hall  
 ‘ of Execution ; we had little hope  
 ‘ of delivering you by force of arms,  
 ‘ and I invited the Marquis to join  
 ‘ his fate with mine, by attempting  
 ‘ to explore the dark vault, through  
 ‘ which I was conducted, many years  
 ‘ since, with your unfortunate Father.  
 ‘ The Marquis received my proposal  
 ‘ with transport, and blessed the op-  
 ‘ portunity which presented itself to  
 ‘ him



‘ him of preserving the life of a  
‘ friend, to whom he was indebted  
‘ for existence. We got into the  
‘ Castle three nights before the Mar-  
‘ quis could speak to you! I always  
‘ remained in the cell to keep the  
‘ means of escape secure: on the  
‘ night of your deliverance, we be-  
‘ came more resolute, and returned  
‘ with a party of our men, who were  
‘ commanded not to speak on pain of  
‘ death. We arrived in solemn si-  
‘ lence at the pillar where the Mar-  
‘ quis had seen you on the night pre-  
‘ ceding; found a door open, and  
‘ entered that fatal gallery whence  
‘ few are known to come a second  
‘ time! Dead silence was preserved!  
‘ we at last heard your voice—you  
‘ know the rest.’

Cruelly

Cruelly as Emily had treated me, she still had an interest in my heart, I waited impatiently some happy moment when I could speak to the Duke concerning her: and he informed me, that a Lady, whom he had not seen, was in the night of the 28th inst. freed from the Castle, and guarded by some of his chosen officers; among whom was one of her relatives to Frejus, from whence she was to be forwarded to her parents and friends.

This was a general account; and I was obliged to be content. Every moment bore her further from me; and I strove to forget her, but in vain! Strange passion! Strange power of imagination, never to be subdued by reason.

The

The Marquis had politely left me to converse with my Father; and the Duke, hurried himself in directing the soldiery, and had marched forward. This was not satisfactory—I wished to follow him, and explain my disposal of his papers at the early period of my captivity, but as I was hastening after him, my Uncle stayed me.—

‘Yonder, my dear Henry’ (said he) ‘lies a vessel at anchor, in which you are to embark with your Father.’

I turned, and saw a vessel near the shore—the Duke continued:

‘A voyage by sea will be most eligible—it is most secure—you will encounter but one element; your  
‘more

‘ more merciless enemies will lose  
‘ their prey.’

My Father was averse to the horrors of insurrection, and would have prevailed on the Duke to retire with him : I loudly remonstrated, and would have remained with the Duke. My Father and myself, as objects of his anxiety, his exertion, and his care, could not, with delicacy, oppose his will ; humanity, we were convinced, was the strongest virtue of his soul, never ceasing to operate, and ever impelling him towards the victim of haughty power—and such a man, we were confident, would rather retard, than promote a civil war.

Mildly, but earnestly, he requested us to depart.—

‘ Depend



‘ Depend on me, my friends! I  
 ‘ will conveniently cure the wounds  
 ‘ of our country—I will watch Savoy,  
 ‘ and advise the Elector—only oblige  
 ‘ me in this one instance—The mo-  
 ‘ ments are precious, delay may  
 ‘ bring on your destruction and mine.  
 ‘ I shall act with more diligence,  
 ‘ more ease, and more boldness, when  
 ‘ you are safe—you are both helpless  
 ‘ objects of persecution; I—the stub-  
 ‘ born opposer of tyranny: as such,  
 ‘ permit me yet to stand, whilst I re-  
 ‘ commend you to the bosom of  
 ‘ Friendship.—

“ But I wish to have some con-  
 “ versation with the Marquis.  
 “ D\*\*\*\*\*.—”

‘ It is impossible, my dear nephew,  
 ‘ for you to reach the top of yonder  
 Vol. IV. D ‘ height,

' height, which you see the troops  
 ' are at this moment ascending, and  
 ' return to this vessel again before the  
 ' sun is quite set. The wind is now  
 ' favourable — be content — I will  
 ' bring the Marquis with me; and  
 ' we will sit round the hearth of the  
 ' hospitable Dorovontes, relating the  
 ' sorrows we have all past, and shar-  
 ' ing them in common—Embark,  
 ' Henry, let me intreat you to em-  
 ' bark, lest you again hurl your  
 ' noble Father on that fate his ene-  
 ' mies have prepared for him.'

" Tell me but a little of my  
 ' friend, my deliverer, the Mar-  
 ' quis."

' He made a tour with me, when  
 ' I left the Court in disgust. His  
 ' brother bore us company, and we  
 ' re-

' returned in different disguises to  
 ' France, on receiving a letter from  
 ' Count de Marfan that your Father  
 ' was not dead; the Marquis was  
 ' soon imprisoned as an emissary of  
 ' the Huguenot Party; his brother,  
 ' in the habit of a priest, fared better.  
 ' Myself, the ministerial slaves did  
 ' not happen to entrap; and, now I  
 ' have briefly told you the principal  
 ' part of our story, afford me one  
 ' embrace, and bid me a short  
 ' adieu.'

" Heaven forbid that I should in-  
 " dulse one wish or one desire re-  
 " pugnant to your will! no; my  
 " heart melts with reverence, affec-  
 " tion and gratitude—farewell, my  
 " preserver!—"

D 2

I could

I could say no more—I held this good man to my bosom, and silently imploring Heaven to protect him, reluctantly stepped into the boat, with my face bathed in tears.

My Father, more a corrector of himself, more tried, and more resigned to the unstable and fleeting happiness of mortals, parted from the Duke with more firmness. The latter paid back for my Father the tears I had shed for him.

‘ You have suffered much, Henry’  
 (said the Duke to my Father) ‘ try to  
 ‘ suppress the horrid images of me-  
 ‘ mory—we shall meet again! Fare-  
 ‘ well—live for that worthy youth.’

My Father grasped his hand,  
 pressed it to his lips; and, looking  
 at



at the Duke, sighed-heavily, and followed me on board.

Soon the land lessened on our view : our eyes were fixed on my Uncle ; we saw him ascend the hill—he waved his handkerchief—we lost sight of him behind the jutting rock—we again beheld him, reduced by distance to the apparent size of a bird. The vessel rose on another wave, and we saw our deliverer no more. We made the Cap de Creux, beat through the bay of Biscay, and ran up the Loire, till we came to the small market town of Paimbœuf, where vessels of burthen unlade their cargoes, that their commercial articles may be conveyed by small craft to Nantes. We were prudent enough to avoid Nantes ; many persecuted Protestants had assembled there, whilst terror, discon-

tent and suspicion, caused every man to look fearfully at his neighbour, and rush by him in sullen silence. Such are the blessings of a despotic government.

In crossing the country, we left the high-roads and principal towns; met with no adventure worthy relation; and, when beyond Picardy, judged ourselves beyond danger.

Sufficiently wearied with the practice of duplicity, ever incorporate with external disguise, and disgusted with those who are busy from intrigue; and, who if sincere, would be out of employment; we, after a route of five months, tasted the tranquil pleasure of saluting the Abbé Dorovontes in \* \* \* \* \*

Doro.

Dorovontes had shared the confidence (I would have said friendship, if his acquaintance had not been a minister of state) of Mazarin; and was highly respected by many of the old politicians, and even by Le Tellier; but the latter had been ever despised by Dorovontes on account of the superstitious zeal with which he kindled persecutions against the Protestants. Even with court favour, Dorovontes had the skill to set his philosophy at play, and frequently won advantages for the people. He kept up a constant correspondence with Le Tellier, from his seat at \* \* \* \* \*; and would sometimes soften the morose disposition of the Chancellor by descriptive poesy, light composition, philosophical tracts on fossils, and the animal and vegetable world. With gentle satire he would reprehend the

venerable mind, whose fires, from necessity were growing chafly-pale as the waning moon; whilst stung at some moments by ambition, avarice, or some stronger passion, that mind was raging to go back the fiery course it had passed, and pining for pleasures it must taste no more.

His acquaintances, who were most of them older than himself, would often check those sallies of impolite truth, which their experience rendered superfluous; but the urbanity of Dorovontes flowed in a pure stream towards mankind, which the faults of mankind could not interrupt.

Such was the character of him to whose arms we were welcomed, to whose virtues Monarchs might aspire; and with whom we became reconciled



conciled to the miseries we had not deserved, nor wished to avenge. Yet our generous host, like other sojourners of the desert, had not gained philosophy but through fiery tribulation. He had felt the pangs of love, and had lost the object who adored him, but possessed a consciousness that the bitterest draught was swallowed.

‘ The Spirit of my Maria’ (said he to me one morning, as we were contemplating the azure firmament)  
‘ still seems to challenge me, still  
‘ accompanies me invisibly; and, I  
‘ am certain, will hail me in another  
‘ world!—

“ Such reflections are natural to  
“ those whose hearts are softened.  
“ early.”—

My own heart bore testimony to my assertion—I wished to hear more of Maria.—

‘ Since I lost her, no occurrence can seem of importance that affects myself : I feel a general regard for human nature. Where I cannot respect, I will not offend. When I cannot approve, I would mitigate ; for all the weaknesses of mankind merit condolence, and pity rather than contempt. This state of mind is only produced by parting with all that could make me blest : from that moment I ceased to live for myself. Oh, Henry ! all will soon fall into oblivion !’

“ I begin to think, Doroyontes,  
“ your late cheerfulness assumed.”

‘ No ;

“ No ; I am resigned—as far as  
“ the heart can be so ; I state the  
“ beauties of Nature, share the plea-  
“ sures of my friends, and, in en-  
“ deavouring to promote their ease,  
“ procure myself tenfold happiness,  
“ of which I once had no concep-  
“ tion. When young I sought mili-  
“ tary glory ; and, as I had married  
“ early against the consent of an in-  
“ exorable father, who was one of  
“ the richest as well as the proudest  
“ of the court partisans, my thirst  
“ for glory proved the source of sor-  
“ row. My Maria possessed every  
“ female grace, every stronger virtue,  
“ but no wealth ; and we agreed to  
“ conceal our marriage till my re-  
“ turn from our first campaign. Con-  
“ trary to my father’s inclination, I  
“ took part with the great Condé : and,  
“ still more opposite to his ambitious  
D. 6.                    “ hopes,

‘ hopes, I had married what is term-  
‘ ed a plebeian. This last act of  
‘ natural independence, he only, for  
‘ a time, suspected, but at length  
‘ was assured of it; and I took  
‘ leave of him with his imprecations  
‘ on my head. The troubles of  
‘ France were hushed; Louis was re-  
‘ conciled to Condé, whose friends  
‘ were received into favor, and I re-  
‘ turned on the wings of love to my  
‘ little villa—but to no Maria! My  
‘ attendants gave a confused account  
‘ of her having received a polite in-  
‘ vitation, and that she had obeyed  
‘ it. I knew her innocent credulity  
‘ to be a poor guide in France, where  
‘ midnight arrests tear the wife from  
‘ her husband’s arms, and the father  
‘ from his sleeping babes; and, wild  
‘ with terror, ran to my obdurate fa-  
‘ ther, calling on Maria—Calling on  
‘ him



‘ him to restore my charming wife.  
 ‘ He started—Indignation, rage, every  
 ‘ diabolical passion, that distorts the  
 ‘ beauty of the world, and particu-  
 ‘ larly of human nature, shook his  
 ‘ frame, while he disclaimed all  
 ‘ knowledge of her, and disinherited  
 ‘ me. Fortunately, my Uncle loved  
 ‘ me; and, on leaving this mortal  
 ‘ scene, where gold is often the sup-  
 ‘ port of Virtue, and the instrument  
 ‘ of Vice, made me affluent beyond  
 ‘ my wishes. You have here, in few  
 ‘ words, the history of a rich subject  
 ‘ of France, cursed with wretched-  
 ‘ ness by the villainy of its laws;  
 ‘ yet smoothing his way to the grave  
 ‘ with resignation.’

“ May I ask your christian name ?”

‘ Lodnor—You look pale!’—

‘ When

“ When did you put on this habit ?”

“ On the 20th of March, 1660, the day after I had given up Maria.— And then I renounced the pleasures of youth !—To the friendship of hoary wisdom; to the bosoms of aged men, whose visions of delight were broken like mine, I flew for consolation. Who could soften a mind embittered with misanthropy, aching with love, and wild with desire of vengeance, but those who had passed the storms of life, and were sitting like shipwrecked mariners, meditating on successive ruins that came floating near them ?”

“ Were you never informed of the fate of your Maria ?”

“ Never !—

‘ Never!—I made every enquiry;  
‘ I complained to the King; but my  
‘ father had poisoned his ear; and  
‘ either he did not, or affected not  
‘ to know the extent of my loss. I  
‘ am rather persuaded he was ignorant of the inhuman transaction,  
‘ since he treated it lightly, and told  
‘ me; with a smile, that I could not  
‘ fail of making more essential conquests in his court. Full of suspicion still that my father was the  
‘ cause of my affliction; and stung  
‘ with the manner in which the feelings of my heart were insulted, I  
‘ boldly remonstrated with the King  
‘ on the general horror under which  
‘ his subjects lay on account of his  
‘ *lettres de cachet*. He very calmly  
‘ replied, all is necessary and right—  
‘ My father is still high in favor,  
‘ and many of his friends respect  
‘ me

‘ me as a man who, once in his life,  
 ‘ acted imprudently in wedding a  
 ‘ woman whose only portion was love  
 ‘ and virtue.’

After many inward struggles, I informed this injured man, that the name of his Maria was engraved on the wainscot in the Castle of \* \* \* \*, and presented him the lines I had copied, with the date.

‘ O, Henry ! it is too much.—  
 ‘ My heart is broke.’

He stood with his eyes fixed on me ; I held him as he suffered the convulsive shock ; and, after sighing as if his heart was throwing off its burthen, he exclaimed :

‘ When



‘ When, Great Father ! will thou  
 ‘ avenge my Maria ?’

The morning passed away solemnly ; we attempted frequently to join imperceptibly the chain of conversation, but we could not succeed. The wounded memory of Dorovontes, rejected for awhile the language of officious friendship. He retired to his chamber, and I left him to hail the Spirit of her he invoked.

Behold how the fine spun web of philosophy, which his soul had long been weaving for herself, strains with its load of human woe ! Oppressed, she slumbers ! Heedless of her works so well begun, she pursues it no more ! The sublime precepts of the aged, the maxims of the world, even the beauty of order seem reversed ; and, instead of the sun-shine  
 of

of resignation, the soul of Dorovontes contemplates Despair.—Collect thyself, my friend, as thou art now mourning for Maria. Many must mourn for thee! To sit and repeat truisms, to paint affliction as the lot of all; to make comparisons, and point Dorovontes to the miseries of others, would have been to affront the dignity of his mind, and to have despoiled Friendship of her noble nature. I did not do this; I respectfully left him to weep amidst his own desolations.

His library was ever open to my Father and me; the finest proof of confidence a man can give! I accidentally went in and sat down in invisible sympathy with poor Dorovontes. My tears flowed for him and Maria; but if my soul was softened by Friendship, it was still my boast  
to

to be stubborn to Love; and I continually strove to banish the image of Emily. Time, I was certain, would be my only physician; and Time has proved the truth of my prediction.

In wonderful variety, the powers of the human mind successively relieve each other; prone to lament and sicken on the past, we are equally prone to start forwards—I insensibly left my seat, took down some books, found nothing that could interest, put them up with a reflection that Improvement herself cannot always charm, and was sauntering out of the library, when I saw a manuscript copy in my way to the door, lying on a side-marble; I opened it with some curiosity, and read—

Written

' Written at Paris, 1652, after an  
 ' internal commotion between Tu-  
 ' renne and Condé when many of  
 ' the young nobility were killed near  
 ' the gate of St. Anthony, and a  
 ' pound of bread was sold for twenty  
 ' sous.'

## ANARCHY.

' Furies! Why sleep amid the carnage?—  
 ' rise!

' Bring up my wolves of war, my pointed  
 spears.

' Daggers yet reeking, banners filled with  
 ' sighs,

' And paint your cheeks with gore, and  
 ' lave your locks in tears.

' On yon white bosom see that happy child!

' Seize it, deface its infant charms! And  
 ' say,

' Anarchy view'd its mangled limbs and  
 ' smil'd.

' Strike



‘ Strike the young mother to the earth!—  
‘ Away!

‘ This is my æra! O’er the dead I go!  
‘ From my hot nostrils minute murders  
‘ fall!

‘ Behind my burning car lurks feeble Woe!  
‘ Fill’d with my dragon’s ire, my slaves for  
‘ kingdoms call!

‘ Hear them not, Father of the enfanguin’d  
race!—

‘ World! Give my monsters way!—Death!  
keep thy steady chace !

This strong and dreadful picture of civil war filled me with momentary horror, to which the following little composition offered an amiable and pleasing contrast.

Each was accompanied with a beautiful drawing; and, from the  
6 picture

picture of Peace, my senses drew  
delightful sensations.

## P E A C E.

' What howlings wake me!—my fair olives  
' die!

' Storms shake my bow'r, and drive me to  
' the plain.—

' Ah! direful Anarchy, thy chariots fly  
' O'er worlds of weeping babes, o'er worlds  
' of hero's slain!

' Order! Bright angel down yon rainbow  
' glide!

' From the mild bosom of my God appear!

' O'er Gallia spread thy snowy pinions wide—  
' O! cool the fever'd mind! and whisper  
' to Despair.

' Envenom'd and unwelcome war! will  
' man,

' Long nurse thy furies or prolong thy  
' stay?

Will

' Will not his fine, reflective spirit scan  
' Those desolations that have mark'd thy  
' way ?

' Yes!—He shall wearied leave thy crimes,  
' and prove,  
' All that is worthy MAN, is found with ME  
' and LOVE."

With the most delicate touch Dorovontes had drawn the line of Beauty and probably thrown out the barbarous and sublime; the colouring of Anarchy gave an embrowned plain, over which flew her chariot armed with scythes, her hair entangled with knotted snakes, her chariot wheels embrued with purple streams, flowing from the bosoms of the aged and the innocent; whilst the slaves of Ambition were dragged on in her chains, enforced to keep her pace, and partake of her crimes.

The next offered an approaching scene of beautiful landscape ; the shepherd was piping on the hill ; yellow corn waying a golden lustre to the sun, and peace in the fore-ground, stealing timidly from her bower, the foliage of which seemed blasted by Anarchy, as her burning chariot had passed on.

Such are the productions of MIND, and we are capable, at some moments, when gazing at such mirrors, of adoring and loving the mind, we behold in these, independent of any other gratification ; such are the proofs of deep excellence in man, which are too often suffered to lie dormant. — Dorovontes himself was reserved ; he would not be known, but by those he wished to respect—  
He



he sought not the affection of those he could not love.

My dejected Father I still beheld with inquietude. He was desirous of being alone—was absent in company, and never joined in amusement. I put the book of manuscripts in my pocket to read at leisure, and on leaving the library I sought him in the garden; and related the brief history of Dorovontes and his lost Maria. My Father wept, and condemned the laws of France.

Observing an attendant hurrying down the orange-alley, with a small packet in his hand, we stopped till he came up to us; when he delivered it, we eagerly ran over the superscription, which was that of the

VOL. IV. E Duke

Duke of B\*\*\*\*; and, with real satisfaction, read :

‘ DEAR HENRY,

‘ THE long impending storm  
‘ is dispelled ! The day after we se-  
‘ parated on the shore, I wrote to  
‘ Louis, and developed the melan-  
‘ choly oppressions of his subjects.  
‘ Enclosed is a copy of my letter :’

‘ SIRE,

‘ DAZZLED with magnifi-  
‘ cence, rendered vain by flattery, and  
‘ lulled into fatal security by those  
‘ who riot on the wounded bosom  
‘ of your country, you proudly ex-  
‘ pect to enlarge and enforce the roy-  
‘ al prerogative. By persecution you  
‘ occasioned wonderful emigrations  
‘ of your people, and have beheld  
‘ the dearth of the fine arts, whilst  
‘ the

' the neighbouring powers of Eu-  
 ' rope have ridiculed you; afforded  
 ' asylums to your fugitive subjects,  
 ' and spread your richest manufac-  
 ' tories along their more hospitable  
 ' shores. Awake!—look up to Jus-  
 ' tice, or throw off Royalty—Think  
 ' little of your title—the plea of  
 ' *prerogative* must be breathed by  
 ' Order; or civil war, in the bowels  
 ' of the land, will soon annihilate the  
 ' first by destroying the last. Charge  
 ' Mildness and Policy, like medi-  
 ' ating ministers, to go forth among  
 ' your people.—The revocation of  
 ' the Edict of Nantes will be destruc-  
 ' tive—Reflect on this and be as-  
 ' sured,

Sire,

You have yet a friend in

B\*\*\*\*.

‘ It has the desired effect—the  
 ‘ King has consented to the old pri-  
 ‘ vileges of the Protestants; and I  
 ‘ expect to see them ranged peacea-  
 ‘ bly and indivisibly under the law  
 ‘ they valued; and which they meant  
 ‘ by force of arms to extort. En-  
 ‘ closed is a letter from Count Mar-  
 ‘ fan, who mentions affectionately a  
 ‘ daughter he had long lost, and for  
 ‘ whose deliverance he is grateful to  
 ‘ me. Pray is this the lady whom  
 ‘ we forwarded to Trejus? Tell me  
 ‘ in your next. I wanted gallan-  
 ‘ try in not admitting her into my  
 ‘ tent, you will say; I never wanted  
 ‘ attention and tenderness for the la-  
 ‘ dies; but my tent was that night  
 ‘ full of brother officers, for whose  
 ‘ exhilarated spirits, and the effect of  
 ‘ beauty, I would answer to no man.  
 ‘ Poor Malnor is gone to the forest of

\*\*\*\*,



‘ \*\*\*\*\*, hoping to find his venera-  
 ‘ ble father; whom I have invited,  
 ‘ with Malnor, to meet me within  
 ‘ the walls of generous Dorovontes.  
 ‘ The Marquis accompanies me, we  
 ‘ will soon be with you. Adieu

B\*\*\*\*\*.

For our private woes we were fen-  
 sible of no remedy; to complain was  
 to be known, to be known was to be  
 condemned as victims to the general  
 peace and safety of France; but it  
 was rich consolation to suppose thou-  
 sands of lives thus wisely preserved.  
 My Guardian's letter increased my Fa-  
 ther's happiness, and added to the  
 blindness of my judgment, and the  
 mystery in which Emily had involved  
 me.

E 3 After

After informing my Father, that he had disposed of his spacious domains, was preparing to quit that part of the country, that he intended to visit Doroyontes, and to settle near him could he purchase an estate, the Count proceeded in his letter.—

‘ I need not remind you, my dear  
 ‘ and noble friend, that the vicissi-  
 ‘ tude of life can never be taken in  
 ‘ by human thought, till standing on  
 ‘ the verge of being, we look back  
 ‘ on the rugged lands, and the trou-  
 ‘ bled billows past; we may then  
 ‘ form our chart, we may then point  
 ‘ out and compare our pleasures and  
 ‘ our pains; how much of the latter  
 ‘ have you surmounted? Fainting  
 ‘ with your sufferings, you bore a  
 ‘ bleeding heart, and found no com-  
 ‘ forter but Virtue! Doubt not, that  
 ‘ for

‘ for the tears you have shed, for the  
 ‘ sighs you have breathed, unheard  
 ‘ even by your enemies, you will be  
 ‘ amply paid by Heaven ! I am no  
 ‘ bigot, but such events, wonderful  
 ‘ in progression, and incredible in ap-  
 ‘ pearance, have lately surrounded me,  
 ‘ that I am half-inclined to believe  
 ‘ in an invifible Protection through  
 ‘ every change, through every false  
 ‘ glare of circumstance ; you have  
 ‘ preferved the confidence once re-  
 ‘ posed in thofe you love ; the dig-  
 ‘ nity of your mind has not been  
 ‘ forfeited, the purity of your friend-  
 ‘ fhip infamous fufpicion has never  
 ‘ fullied : and the treasure that awaits  
 ‘ you is worthy your perfection.

‘ What can I fay to my young  
 ‘ charge ! to my beloved Henry !  
 ‘ Has he imitated the virtues of his  
 ‘ Father ? Has Henry never fufpect-

‘ ed the truth of those he loved?  
‘ And by whom I think he was be-  
‘ loved! Has Henry never swerved  
‘ from the delicacy due to virgin  
‘ fame? Has he piously fulfilled my  
‘ generous assertion, that to his ho-  
‘ nour I could confide my child?—  
‘ Yet tell him, he is dear to

Your affectionate Friend,

COUNT MARSAN.

‘ P. S. Remember I bring you a  
‘ jewel of inestimable price.’

My Father looked at me with the utmost astonishment—I was dumb—My blood flew from my heart to revel in my cheek; my feelings were all alive; and, if I may be allowed the metaphor, ridiculed my judgment.

‘ These



‘ These questions, Henry,’ (said my Father gravely) ‘ are accusations to a man of honour ! How do you answer them ?’

“ Emily, or myself, Sir, must be found guilty.”

‘ I hope,’ (replied my Father smiling) ‘ we shall not find you both so.’

This hint served not to relieve me. I felt it ominous, and began to doubt whether I should engage my Father’s attention by condemning Emily, or by justifying myself. If I cannot do one, by doing the other, I had best be silent.

My silence was mal-à-propos. My Father began to be inquisitive, like one whose senses had long been

drowned in the recollection of his own cares, awakening suddenly to the cares of others.

‘ Who has dared,’ (said he sternly) to breathe the name of Emily licentiously? No man shall do it with impunity.’

“ Emily, Sir, has borne herself out in her inconstancy with uncommon effrontery. To the last moment I beheld her, she appeared self-approved. It is possible, whilst I reflect on her variable conduct, to condemn myself? My faithful heart has been insulted by that proud, that daring beauty; she resigned herself to the protection of another!—Nay, more! after she had found me, she avowed her regard for her seducer: con-

“concealed his secrets, and boasted  
“of his reciprocal anguish.”

“Beware, Henry! Emily can  
“know no seducer. You must have  
“wronged her.”

“I own, Sir,” (O how I blushed  
at being obliged to own!) “that be-  
“fore I saw her face, which was  
“then veiled, I treated her con-  
“temptuously; but I had cause. I  
“have her note of assignation; which  
“will justify me to her Father: and  
“if not, Sir—if the Count proudly  
“resolves on more severe atonement  
“—I have a sword—

“Is this my Henry!”

“What have I said!—Forgive  
“me!—The thought is parricide.

‘ I will be your Henry—But I am  
 “ almost distracted—Oh, my Father!  
 “ rather than sprinkle his silver hair  
 “ with blood, I will kneel at his  
 “ feet—He shall crush out a Spirit,  
 “ which, though rejected by Emily,  
 “ may be received by my Creator.”

My Father was affected. He turned away—wishing he could understand me—I followed him, and related all that had passed in the Castle; many circumstances he could not possibly be acquainted with from his close confinement. He did not even know of the imprisonment of Emily, till after her escape; nor had I ever found opportunity to repeat the many proofs which conspired to stamp her falsehood. I now, with warmth, attempted it; I was now unusually impatient to appear satisfied with my own



own conduct, and earnest to obtain the voice of approbation from the mind I most valued.

My Father was cool—Unagitated.—The passions of his son were not admitted as appellants by his nobler judgment. Unused to defame helpless woman, he never blasted a character through the mist of another man's opinion.

‘ Cæsar’s wife should not be suspected.’—‘ This has long been the fashionable *ipse dixit* of hoary prudes, superannuated and feeble. When Virtue is in danger, this maxim means nothing unless taken on a wide principle,’—‘ Cæsar’s wife should not be suspected.’—‘ No more she should; nor should a man be burnt for religion; or suffer under

‘ under the vicious nature of his ene-  
‘ mies ; yet these events were ever.

‘ No woman can be virtuous that  
‘ is not self-dependent, she derives  
‘ this grand right from universal  
‘ wisdom—it is coeval with her ori-  
‘ gin : all the codes of human law  
‘ are inadequate to the independence  
‘ she boasts, and when once fettered,  
‘ the estimate of her virtue falls.  
‘ It follows—There are none so in-  
‘ dependent as women of virtue.

‘ Man boasts another kind of free-  
‘ dom, for which he frequently suf-  
‘ fers the pangs of jealousy : hence  
‘ you may observe libertine-husbands  
‘ miserably suspicious, whilst their  
‘ wives are innocently chearful, care-  
‘ less and happy ; for jealousy has  
‘ no sympathy like love : that gent-  
‘ ler

‘ ler passion will ever fly its domi-  
 ‘ nion, and the soul of woman may  
 ‘ soar above the stagnant lake of  
 ‘ Vice; while man is fishing in it  
 ‘ for imaginary wrongs—*let him fish*  
 ‘ *on.*’

My Father, I thought, was keen.—

‘ Many a man hides poverty under  
 ‘ a gaudy covering, so will women  
 ‘ bawl out for chastity who have  
 ‘ none; well they may: but,  
 ‘ for you to suspect Emily, my  
 ‘ dear son, is only to excite her  
 ‘ ridicule; she will certainly laugh  
 ‘ at you, and you will deserve it.’

I believe I looked very silly.—  
 My Father did not seem to wait for  
 the judgment of Emily—He laughed  
 at me himself. It was very strange,  
 (I thought,) that my sufferings were  
 not treated with more solemnity, at  
 least,

least, seriousness or compassion; from a man who had himself endured so much for love. I hinted this to my Father, he smartly replied :

‘ I suffered for generous love, you  
‘ from base suspicion ; could I have  
‘ suspected my angel, I had deserved  
‘ perdition.’

I made a very low bow to my Father ; and, willing to be gently avenged—“ I believe,” my dear Sir,  
“ you forgot the cavern in the rock,  
“ the picture of my Mother, and  
“ the chastisement you designed your  
“ son.”

‘ Ah, Henry ! recall not the past !  
‘ Come we will gather some flowers,  
‘ and offer them to Dorovontes. Go  
‘ you down yonder walk, I will stroll  
‘ towards



‘ towards the shrubbery; but be  
‘ sure to collect some roses.’

My Father walked away, and I,  
dissatisfied enough with him and my-  
self, went sullenly into the arbor and  
sat myself down.

“ Fancy—thou witch! Thou blessing and  
“ thou curse!

“ We wed thee still for better and for  
“ worse!”

Heigho!—So much for Fancy!  
Is it possible I can have been looking  
through her green and jaundiced eye?  
Have I been held like the fool in the  
forest, who was caught by a bramble,  
and stood in the snow because he  
fancied the bramble would not let  
him go? Can man be duped by him-  
self? I’ll be no longer a pusillanimous  
lover!

lover; I'll go to the ends of the earth but I'll laugh at Emily, if she laughs at me—Curse the Cordelier! if ever I meet him I will shake out his hypocritical soul.—Good Heaven! —Where is the pride of Henry? starting from the wooden bench, I walked out of the arbor, quarrelled with the gardener, kicked down his watering-pot, and walked in again.

Yes, I have rooted up every tender branch from which I might, in future, have gathered fruit richer than that of the Hesperides.!

How poor! how forlorn have I left myself, if Emily be innocent!

I thought at some moments of writing to Count de Marfan, but dared I breathe such incoherent jargon,

gon, such broken sentiments to a man of his penetration? He still loved me, and he loved Emily, only with this alloy on my part, that I was unworthy his affection, extended as an obligation I had no right to expect.

A fine humiliating business! Can I ever forget the little window, and the black old curtain through which I peeped, and saw the head of his gentle daughter on the bosom of the Cordelier? if I do, may I be the butt of female wit, and the scarecrow of married men!

‘Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!’  
‘cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!’—said  
some invisible. I put my hand to my  
sword; stared around—swore I would  
be mocked by no man!

‘Cuckoo!’

‘ Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! cuckoo !  
‘ cuckoo ! cuckoo ! cuckoo !

What the devil ! am I already—  
Curse your cuckooing ! Whoever  
you are, defend yourself.—

I rushed from the arbor with my  
sword drawn—the voice was hushed  
—my Father was strolling still at the  
further end of the long walk, and the  
gardener was springling his daffo-  
dils.—

“ Who taught you to make that  
“ hideous noise,” (said I to the lat-  
ter with vehemence, giving him a  
ap on the shoulder with the pommel  
of my sword.

‘ Who—I, Sir ? I made no noise !’

“ But



“ But you did ; and pray whom,  
“ or what were you thinking on ?—  
“ am I to be the subject of your  
“ rustic raillery ?”

‘ I made no noise, Sir ; nor was I  
‘ thinking of any body but Betty the  
‘ cook.

“ And what had I ever to do with  
“ Betty the cook ?”

‘ Nothing—that I know of, Sir ;  
‘ but she bid me come in at twelve  
‘ o’clock and eat a bit of luncheon,  
‘ and I was thinking of going just  
‘ as the cuckoo-clock struck twelve.’

“ Where is your cuckoo clock ?”

‘ Yonder—Up by the arbor, Sir,  
‘ in

‘ in that little hut where I keep my  
‘ tools.’

“ So—where is my dignity now ?”

‘ Sir—’

The gardener rested himself on the handle of his spade, to observe me more attentively—I gave him a trifle that he might drink my health with Betty the cook, and walked off with humility.

“ At human pride the Gods look down and  
“ laugh !”

A troubled heart is exquisitely alive to insident. The wretched owner often errs in trammelled life, understanding but few trifles ; and by the trifling crowd seldom understood.

I ga-

I gathered a handful of roses, and offered them respectfully to my Father, who was wondering at my delay.

‘ Time is a God, Henry, you  
‘ seem to make but little account of ;  
‘ we will now go back to the house,  
‘ and request Dorovontes to admit us  
‘ as mourners with him.’

My Father wrote his request in the language of Friendship—was politely answered by Dorovontes, and we entered his chamber, where he received us with a forced smile ; and, taking my Father and me by the hand, addressed us :

‘ My injured Maria strongly ap-  
‘ peals to my heart ! I wish not to  
‘ forget her ; as her voice once  
‘ soothed me amidst the severity of a  
‘ Father’s

‘ Father’s fury, her dear idea now  
‘ lulls me to repose—I shall mourn !  
‘ for ever mourn, but my sorrows will  
‘ be silent, secret, and accompanied  
‘ with a resignation worthy her pure  
‘ Spirit.—But how long may I be  
‘ permitted to afflict my worthy  
‘ friends ? and how long will my  
‘ friends conclude they have a right  
‘ to weep, if Dorovontes can be  
‘ chearful ?’

We came to offer consolation, and were caught by the question ; for my Father had indulged deep melancholy since he had entered the house of Dorovontes. Whenever a sense of politeness, in company, threw a ray of mirth on his pale features, it vanished in a moment, like a meteor shutting in between the clouds of night.



“ Engage, my dearest Father,”  
 (said I with quickness) “ to sacrifice  
 “ unavailing grief to the wishes and  
 “ the regards of so noble a mind—  
 “ Try to comfort and support Doro-  
 “ vontes! In attempting to inspire  
 “ him with fortitude, yourself will  
 “ acquire it.”

‘ It is a debt I owe this gentleman,’  
 (replied my Father) ‘ which I fear I  
 ‘ shall ever be too poor to pay. Ex-  
 ‘ cuse me Henry—Dorovontes will  
 ‘ yet be more kind in consenting to  
 ‘ my eternal peace.’

‘ What can you mean, Sir?’ (re-  
 turned the latter with surprize.)

‘ To retire, for ever, my generous  
 ‘ friend. In a monastery, I shall be  
 ‘ free from all but priestly customs.

, That I can excuse till they become  
“ habitual; and there I shall quietly,  
“ and unnoticed steal after those who  
“ are gone before.”

“ Be it so” (replied Dorovontes) “ I  
“ will accompany you; millions of  
“ tribes will still remain to perform  
“ the world’s great drama, and to  
“ mimic our real woe. Henry, I  
“ will make my heir; my possessions  
“ shall be his; and, should my cruel  
“ Father seek me here, Henry may  
“ boldly declare, Dorovontes is gone  
“ to seek a kinder Father.”

“ But Henry cannot be your heir,  
“ he will aspire to more,” (said I).

“ To what more?”

“ To share the lonely hours of  
“ wasting

“ waſting life with you and my Fa-  
 “ ther! To wander with you through  
 “ the awful gloom of ſuperſtition;  
 “ to obey with you the midnight  
 “ bell, that breaks reſreſhing ſlum-  
 “ ber! to join ſincerely when you  
 “ adore one great Power! To live  
 “ piously when paſſion is no more;  
 “ and, perhaps, to do the laſt kind  
 “ office expiring Nature may re-  
 “ quire!”

‘ Henry, you are young’ (rejoined  
 my Father) ‘ may you not have  
 ‘ many years of happineſs in ſtore?’

“ No, Sir, all is embittered—I  
 “ look around, not with an expect-  
 “ ing but a joyleſs mind—the world  
 “ appears a vaſt and dreary deſert—  
 “ the hum of men dies away like a  
 “ breeze, that paſſes over in a morn-

“ing and is forgot at noon. I have  
 “no object to pursue, I am all va-  
 “cancy within, and a cloister will  
 “suit my sullen and indolent de-  
 “spair.”

‘I never will give my consent’ (re-  
 fused Dorovontes) ‘if you think  
 ‘me worthy your friendship, if you  
 ‘resolve not to banish me for ever  
 ‘from your remembrance, if you  
 ‘approve my conduct, I conjure you  
 ‘to supply my place in social life!  
 ‘Administer to the aged, who are  
 ‘laden equally with years and insult;  
 ‘hear the orphans cries, and pity  
 ‘the defenceless mother. Within  
 ‘your little circle live to bless; that  
 ‘Peace may shed her radiance on  
 ‘your pillow, to enable you to taste  
 ‘pleasure so exalted, I leave you the  
 ‘sordid riches which so poorly com-  
 ‘pensate for the loss of my Maria.’



‘ Obey Henry—I will not com-  
 ‘ mand, but intreat you to obey.  
 ‘ To the domains of Dorovontes I  
 ‘ add those jewels which I have yet  
 ‘ concealed from the hour I was  
 ‘ ship-wrecked; be you our faithful  
 ‘ steward; above all, remember my  
 ‘ beloved Fisherman, his little ones,  
 ‘ and his Lydia.’

Dorovontes enquired who was  
 meant by the Fisherman? My Fa-  
 ther related the story, and this noble  
 friend immediately ordered some of  
 his domestics to saddle their horses  
 and set off to \*\*\* (taking my Fa-  
 ther’s direction) and bring this vir-  
 tuous family with them to \*\*\*\*.

‘ If, added he, Henry will consent  
 ‘ to act for us only one year, and a  
 ‘ scene of superior happiness does

' not open on his noon of life; if  
 ' he, by indulging the retrospect of  
 ' an unhappy past, still continues to  
 ' languish in the midst of society, far  
 ' be it from me to oppose his feel-  
 ' ings! Let him, when wearied, come  
 ' to us.'

To this my Father acquiesced, and  
 seconded the request.

" I reluctantly obey, Sir; but  
 " surely Dorovontes will first receive  
 " Count de Marfan, and my uncle,  
 " the Duke of B\*\*\*\*.

' I mean nothing less, and shall  
 ' wait your Father's leisure. He  
 ' will make his resolution known to  
 ' those who have been true to his in-  
 ' terest and his wayward fortunes.  
 ' He will take leave of those he  
 ' loves

‘ loves before he sinks from them  
 ‘ for ever into the bosom of Seclu-  
 ‘ sion. Count de Marfan, I make  
 ‘ no doubt, will be here in a week or  
 ‘ two; nor do I suppose the arrival  
 ‘ of the Duke will be of much later  
 ‘ date. I shall, myself, need their  
 ‘ presence in settling my worldly  
 ‘ affairs, which else would devolve  
 ‘ on you in much derangement.’

Our conversation, on this sad sub-  
 ject, closed for this time; I could  
 catch at nothing to enliven my melan-  
 choly friends.—Yet Dorovontes af-  
 fected to be lively—charming deceit!  
 when we disguise our feelings, left  
 by sympathy they should pain those  
 we love.

I parted with my friends as they  
 went into the house, and turned

through a gate which opened on an adjacent meadow; here I sat down—the grass was high enough to play with the willing air, and to conceal the tuneful Lark who quietly sat on her nest, and nursed her unfledged young—undisturbed by me.

The Bard of Nature sings :

‘ ——— It so falls out,  
 ‘ That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
 ‘ While we enjoy it, but being lack’d and lost,  
 ‘ Why then we rack the value; then we find  
 ‘ The virtue that possession would not shew us,  
 ‘ Whilst it was ours.

As the lambs turned their heads to the sun, and gamboled round their dams, my ideas ran back to the days of Emily’s innocence: the recollection warmed my fancy, recently chilled by reflecting on the monks and monasteries with my Father and Doro-vontes.



vontes. I felt pleasing sensations, and made the most of them—contemplated the beauty, the fine understanding, every personal charm of that inconstant maid; and, raising a heavy sigh, ended my waking dream with—  
*what is all this to me!*

Dissatisfied with all my own mind could afford, I reclined on a sloping bank, and took another peep at the manuscript book of Dorovontes, which I had in my pocket, and fell on the following lines, which I thought benevolent and rich with the genuine sympathy of nature.

DEDICATED TO LOUIS XIV.

‘ Cold was the star  
‘ That rul’d my natal hour! and pale the beams  
‘ That trembled o’er my head, as they distill’d,  
‘ The damps of woe—yet soon! bear witness  
‘ Heav’n!

F 5

‘ I lov’d.

106 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

' I lov'd thee, CONTEMPLATION! And, by  
   the  
 ' I was belov'd—O mutual blifs! The Night  
 ' Threw off her sadness, when with thee I lay  
 ' Dissolv'd in grateful wonder! Worlds on  
   ' worlds,  
 ' Pond'rous with their inhabitants came on—  
 ' And still another, and another roll'd,  
 ' Forc'd by the arm of Time from the dark breast  
 ' Of great Eternity: the Infinite  
 ' At length shut up my wearied sense, and gave  
 ' A guiltless slumber.—Dawn no sooner shed  
 ' Her tints in wild profusion from the East,  
 ' Than cheer'd I rose to follow thee. How oft'  
 ' We paus'd on ruin'd towers, watch'd down  
   ' the moon,  
 ' And listen'd to the mariner afar,  
 ' Who sang across the main? To my young eye  
 ' Thou heldst aërial vision. There I saw  
 ' Unshapely MATTER moving into life;  
 ' Myriads of atoms glist'ning in the wind—  
 ' Insects conglob'd, and yet so finely form'd,  
 ' That Zephyr breath'd them into being—  
   ' Tones  
 ' Of harmony they gave too thin to touch  
 ' The nerve of mortal hearing. Taught by thee,  
   ' My

' My soul' expanded, soar'd, and stoop'd again  
 ' To view the animalcula that join  
 ' Eternally through minutes, days and years;  
 ' Tilling the mighty universe. Thus charm'd  
 ' By CONTEMPLATION, my rough passions  
 ' sleep;  
 ' Whilst heav'nly SYMPATHY, to Nature true,  
 ' Droops her white pinions, mourns the ills  
 ' of War,  
 ' And through her tears e'en foes forget to  
 frown.

' I would complain! but never for myself!  
 ' For whilst I mourn I stand aloof!—So stood  
 ' The Persian King\*, weeping that life's poor  
 ' farce  
 ' Should end by Fate within an hundred years;  
 ' Whilst, as he wept, his actors died away.

' For ye who revel on fair Gallia's lap,  
 ' Content to wear her honours fiercely won  
 ' By your proud ancestors, the tuneful bard  
 ' Should ne'er atune his lyre—the streaming  
 ' blaze,  
 ' In which you bask encircl'd, long hath play'd  
 ' Around the elder brothers of mankind—

F 6

' Shine

\* Xerxes.

108 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

' Shine in your tinsel, but be humble!—Own  
 ' There are in Gallia's family some men  
 ' Who are poor younger sons! For these the  
   ' sage  
 ' Should waste his midnight taper, wander o'er  
 ' The wilds of thought, cull from the moul-  
   ' d'ring page  
 ' Strong precept, patient-virtue, all that tend  
 ' To meliorate the mind—for these the Bard  
 ' Should breathe his tones of harmony, and  
   ' sooth  
 ' Their souls to social love. Here sits a youth,  
 ' By Science favor'd, though by Fortune  
   ' scorn'd;  
 ' His passions and his virtues highly burn  
 ' As that same Lord's, who with unwieldy  
   ' pride  
 ' Lolls laughing at the world!—May Wisdom  
   ' bind  
 ' Around the stripling's soul her starry zone,  
 ' And bid his wishes travel with his fate.  
  
 ' Passions we have! Nor can the rod of Pow'r  
 ' Whip out these elements of life; the art  
 ' Of beauteous order is to bid them play;  
 ' And trust me, when once touch'd with skill,  
   ' they make

' True



' True melody: hence rise unerring tones  
 ' Of noble friendship, and of dearer love,  
 ' Whose unison alone can bless mankind,  
 ' And save a sinking Realm. O! then beware!  
 ' Ye who have pow'r how wantonly ye sport  
 ' With the fine fibres of the heart—not all  
 ' Is harmony within. The soul of man  
 ' Is wrought with energy. What tho' it yield  
 ' To Nature's plastic touch, when Mis'ry  
     ' wounds,  
 ' Or Love dissolves—Within its cells remote  
 ' Sleep phantoms of most ugly hue, design'd  
 ' To execute, by Nature, plans more wild  
 ' Than Policy can meditate. From these  
 ' Are born the horrid, wonderful, and great;  
 ' Possessing these, man rears himself above  
 ' The present wrong; and, big with fell re-  
     ' venge,  
 ' Looks on thro' ages for a NAME; such fill  
 ' The plain with murder; ev'ry vale with  
     ' tears,  
 ' When Monarchs buy their glories with a  
     ' crime.  
 ' These forc'd the soul of Cæsar from the world,  
 ' Shook down the Grecian tow'rs, strongly  
     ' drew up  
     ' Rome's

110 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

' Rome's deep foundations; in their grasp  
 ' have died,  
 ' Promiscuously, the Sov'ern and the Slave,  
  
 ' Much soothing do they need who bite their  
 ' bread  
 ' With insult! Wildly grand are they whose  
 ' souls  
 ' Rise stubborn from despair! Superior he  
 ' Who lulls them to repose!—You'll say,  
 ' great Sire!  
 ' That blessings are divided; and that all  
 ' Are not to crowns hereditary heirs.  
 ' But since such passions in the heart of man  
 ' For ever lurk, be it your tend'rest care  
 ' Not to provoke them with the barbed dart  
 ' Of hot Oppression. For the haughty train,  
 ' The elder sons of Gallia, bid them grace  
 ' The bosom with a star, within their halls  
 ' Hang high their family achievements; lay  
 ' Luxurious purple on their pillows, sink  
 ' To Saphic measures, but whilst melting thus,  
 ' O! bid them spare a brother's heart! 'Tis  
 ' vile!  
 ' So wantonly to loose the wolves of law  
 ' On that defenceless frame whose fortune  
 ' pleads  
  
 ' Against

THE ROYAL CAPTIVES. 111

- ‘ Against its wretched owner. Plunge not man  
‘ So deeply down within your prison walls,  
‘ To linger out the bloom of life ! Draw near  
‘ This iron grate, and you shall hear the  
    ‘ groan  
‘ Of a dejected Father ! Cold Despair  
‘ Shall on your forehead breathe its piteous  
    ‘ blast,  
‘ And foul contagion spot you ! Is it well  
‘ To charge this dungeon with the human  
    ‘ heart !  
‘ Where it must long be perishing ? Behold  
‘ How dismal spectres sweep along the walls,  
‘ Fright’ning the angel Pity from her stand.  
‘ Go ; tell your Legislators ! were your laws  
‘ More lenient, Gallia’s crown would closer  
    ‘ fit  
‘ On him who wears it. Know—tho’ horrid  
    ‘ gloom  
‘ Wrap the lost captive from a social world ;  
    Not unobserving is that world : the bands  
‘ Of Friendship bind the wretched link un-  
    ‘ seen ;  
‘ Millions of spirits, who to woe inur’d,  
‘ Shall burst upon the light, when sanguine  
    ‘ pow’r  
‘ Shall sink abash’d, and see her fetters rust.  
    ‘ For

112 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

' For me, who am so us'd to rove, the field  
 ' Of Nature yields delight ; the flow'ry vale  
 ' Resigns her fragrance to my grateful sense ;  
 ' And on the mountain I inhale the breath  
 ' Of Love, as the soft cherub warms the air.  
 ' Haste, then ye gentler spirits, who have  
     ' long  
 ' Subdu'd the fiercer passions : ye who deaf  
 ' To court cabal and revel'ry can dare  
 ' To woo bright Contemplation, hither haste !

' O, Nature ! Thou dear Goddess of the  
     ' hills,  
 ' Give me thy sweet variety ! When scenes  
 ' Where shepherds languish open to my view,  
 ' Teach me to charm with numbers chaste  
     ' soft,  
 ' And make the flame divine ! To paint the  
     ' lawn,  
 ' Lend me thy mellow tints ; when thro' the  
     ' air  
 ' I chase the infant atom born of Light,  
 ' Reduce my heart to ether ; but when Man,  
 ' Enchain'd in the deep chambers of the earth,  
 ' Calls loud for justice, give Cassandra's fire.

LODNOR DOROVONTES.

“ Can.



“ Can such a mind ever be extinct? Is it possible Dorovontes can all die !”

Remembering, on a sudden, that this question had been in the mouth of every man, for six thousand years, more or less ; and let any one have got up in the morning ever so early, or have gone to bed ever so late, he always looked like a fool, when his neighbour or his neighbour's wife put this question ; I shut the book quietly ; and looking at my watch, fancied my company would be agreeable to my friends ; who must, by this time, have sat down to dinner.

Before I entered the dining parlour, I ascended the stairs, and replaced the book on the side-marble ;

not

not that I had violated the confidence of Dorovontes ; but Dorovontes, besides being a patriot and a philosopher, had been one of the most delicate, and most susceptible of lovers ; and where he had described that passion, from which he drew melting inspiration, his description was sacred, his numbers melodious. He made his reader feel the languors that were, at the moment of writing, stealing through his own veins. Therefore, I say, I had not violated his confidence, I was not to leave his written raptures to the chambermaid, who perhaps might have fancied more than her master meant, or even more than she could ever find realised.

Many a man, I am well aware, will laugh at this my care of the female

male mind, and use a long argument (every word of which is self-evident) to endeavour to prove how very fruitless must be my caution ; and Nature herself, will stand on his right hand. Of this I shall take no notice at present, as I am busy in explanation.

No man is better acquainted with human sympathy than I Henry, am. I am likewise sensible of the power of attraction, as it proceeds along the world, gathering as it goes, and never growing old : and I can prove, as well as Descartes, how much farther a lover can send his ideas, than he can himself go. After so bold an assertion, no man will doubt my experience or my learning ; yet whilst I attempt to prove the flight of these (the lovers) sympathetic ideas, I beg solemnly, that it may be remembered,  
I do

I do not mean to prove how they are conveyed. This inexplicable mystery was, is, and will be time without end, as much a mystery to me as to other men, who in every age upwards, to this present day of ——— two o'clock, have been sending their ideas as fast as they could fly, after enchanting objects, not one of whom perhaps have been overtaken; so much the worse for that class of men thus disappointed! But to go on explaining;—

I have often pondered with much tenderness, in perceiving a LOOK take such a silent swift direction from the eye of one object to the heart of another, whilst the richest drop then passing through that heart, was arrested by that LOOK, and honestly flew to the check; now, whether the heart meant



meant a challenge, a surrender, or only an alarm, lest it should sympathise too deeply with the striking eye, by this its suffusion, I own I never could find out, and all I shall humbly presume to prove is, that by the force of sympathy, the ideas of one object is sent into the mind of another by some mysterious and invisible operation of Nature—and so! that if it had happened, that the sentiments of Dorovontes (silent and secret as they positively were) had gone with all their impressiv force to the heart of his chambermaid, she might not only have forgot to make my bed, but she might have let Concealment, like a worm in the bud, play on her damask cheek—since only to be in sympathy with the mind of Dorovontes was to love him.

And

And now having (humanely I believe) drawn from my own premises my own conclusions as the best orators in the world sometimes do; and heedless of every debauchée who might disapprove, and of every fly prudish chambermaid who would likewise disapprove, if once she made the case her own; I, with sacred reverence, placed the book in the library, locked the door, and sat down to dinner demurely; certain that I had not tempted, if I had not saved the soul of Lunimette the chambermaid.

My Father and Dorovontes, I perceived, had gathered together many more monastic ideas in my absence, and had been busy in arranging them; but of all the self-denying orders, neither could prove which denied

nied most, or which suffered the greatest conflict in denying. Certain it was, that if one order of Monks, who were panting after a BLESSING, did not, whilst panting after it, that moment painfully forego it for ever, such order could not be found worthy; and if a second order of Monks could INSENSIBLY resign the same BLESSING, without panting after it at all, they could not be found worthy; for no combat, no victory, no glory. ‘The tree is known by its fruit’—we all quoted, and I protest we were five minutes before we could unburthen our memories of other peoples good sayings. This happened at last, and we found ourselves at a full pause, looking at each other, for connexion of thought, or connexion of sound—no matter which.

‘What

‘ What think you of the Franciscan ?’ said my Father.

‘ I have been bred a courtier and  
 ‘ a soldier,’ replied Dorovontes.—  
 ‘ With the different orders of superstition I shall not trouble myself. Human idea of things divine,  
 ‘ has but with me one estimate—I  
 ‘ wish for peace, because I am  
 ‘ weary; therefore your will is  
 ‘ mine.’

“ My beloved friends, said I,  
 “ your penfive Spirits are ever bent  
 “ on gloomy views. Let us take a  
 “ ride; I have been told that when  
 “ a man has passed his happiness for  
 “ a moment, he is as far off it as if  
 “ he had left it at the Antipodes;  
 “ then rouse your better sentiments;  
 “ try



“ try to look forward, and taste  
“ the loveliness of surrounding Na-  
“ ture.”

I attempted to bestow consolation I could not taste. My invitation was, however accepted; and we were preparing to make an evening excursion, when a carriage rattled into the court, and company was announced. Dorovontes ordered his attendants to usher them into the drawing-room, whilst we hurried to put off our riding coats; which was soon done, and we entered the drawing-room, where Count Marfan was standing to salute us, holding a lady by the hand, who took no notice of any person, but silently approached my Father, and sunk into his arms; which, to my astonishment, were open to receive her.

‘ Good heaven ! What do I behold—my Eleanora !’

Her face fell on his bosom. He seated her gently on the sofa ; gazed stedfastly, filled with wonder—Both wept, and were incapable of congratulating each other—transport made them mute.

To attempt a description of this scene—the starts of amazement, curiosity, gratitude, and love, all the fragments of broken imagery that filled our minds, and of language that dropped from our lips ; would present a picture, to a person of fine nerves, that would cause the tear to mingle with the smile.

I shall therefore, as Titian has often done, sweep away with my sponge,

sponge, strokes of Nature too powerful to be seen, unless they could be felt.

For the credit of my constancy, I verily believe this moment was the first in which, through a tedious course of seven long years, I had totally forgotten Emily, (at least whilst waking) but the ecstasy of finding such a Mother, after fancying her laid in everlasting sleep, made me insensible to all the world but herself.

‘ My beloved Son !’

— “ My dearest Mother !”

‘ My long lost Eleanora !’—

Was the whole conversation for some moments, between my Father,

my Mother, and myself; but all the invisible angels who wander to and fro, seeking whom they may protect, could witness for us, that what we could not say, we sent forth in sighs and tears; another proof of the power of sympathy.

‘ Tell me quickly, Eleanora’ (said my Father) ‘ by what wonderful deliverance you are restored from a state of privation, which I could not but believe was to continue for ever?’

‘ I will gratify your wonder and your curiosity some other time—you forget Count De Marfan.—’

My Father turned instantly, embraced his faithful friend; was apologising for his absence of thought,  
when



when the Count interrupted him with a smile, saying, as he pointed to my Mother: ‘ Behold the inestimable  
 ‘ treasure I promised you in my letter, I owed you this. The account  
 ‘ between Henry and me remains yet  
 ‘ standing!—Henry, I thank you,  
 ‘ sincerely thank you for the restoration of my dear girl! True, you  
 ‘ protected her as a faulty being, deserving more your compassion than  
 ‘ your esteem: you shall nevertheless be dear to her fond Father!’

When I saw the tears overflowing the eyes of this good man, my very soul shrunk from his pathetic manner, and from my own remembrance. Could I criminate Emily to her Father? Could I describe her as she reclined on the bosom of the Cordelier, when she thought herself un-

seen? Could I, in a word, defame her by defending myself?—What a moment for a man of the least feeling, delicacy, or honor.

My silence increased—I believed the idea of my guilt, in the mind of Count Marfan; yet he seemed to pity me, and I resolved to brave the storm without ever revealing the inconsistency of his daughter; whom he admired, and even adored as the pattern of female innocence.

Angry with myself at being humbled comparatively, (as Emily was praised) endeavouring to avoid the eyes of my Mother, which penetrated my heart—confused at the looks of my Father, which plainly commanded me to answer for myself, and pitying Count de Marfan's confidence  
and

and credulity, (I suppose sympathetically) I was abashed at standing in the midst of such a company, like a creature thunder-struck, or secretly smitten with the palsy, nobody could tell where.—

‘ When a man can neither go  
 ‘ backward nor forward, ’tis in vain  
 ‘ to worry him! None but a mad  
 ‘ man will whip a dead horse!’—

As I uttered this wise aphorism, which for its credit is less ambiguous than more modern aphorisms; with most doleful countenance and gesture—for my heart was seriously afflicted; my Father and my Guardian, very contrary to my expectation, burst into a loud laughter—whilst my amiable Mother sat looking innocently at us all, as if she knew nothing of

Emily's faithlessness, or of my mighty virtue in the Castle. — How should she ?

Thus situated, we were at a full pause, when a messenger from the Father of Dorovontes, brought him a letter—He bowed, and withdrew to peruse it.

I was not, I confess, a bit the better pleased with the Count de Marfan for his extolling the perfection of Emily, without once glancing at mine. One consolation I felt, and only one, which arose from repeating to myself three times successively, 'Virtue is its own reward.' An adage, I was certain, as old as my grandmother and as old-fashioned.

"Woman !



“ Woman! woman!” (said I in heroicks) “ what evils art thou not  
 “ the cause of? Thou canst sunder  
 “ the dearest ties of friendship! Thou  
 “ canst set men raging furiously a-  
 “ gainst each other! Thou canst  
 “ turn them like wind-mills with thy  
 “ breath, and fill their hearts with  
 “ whim and caprice, till they be-  
 “ come light enough for thy diver-  
 “ tisement. No—no—I’ll never be  
 “ married!”

I shook my head violently in pro-  
 nouncing the last line — when the  
 Count de Marfan, endeavouring to  
 stifle a laugh, addressed me :

‘ Henry, why will you not be  
 ‘ more serious ; I wish to talk to you  
 ‘ of Emily—her virtues.’—

G 5

“ O,

“ O, aye—her virtues—let not the  
 “ sun stand still on Emily’s virtues,  
 “ lest they shame him!—Bright!  
 “ very bright, very spotless is the  
 “ soul of Emily!”—

‘ Sir!—what do you mean?’ said  
 my Father.

“ To make that gentleman satis-  
 “ fied with himself and his daugh-  
 “ ter Sir,—what more can I mean?”

‘ But you seem to speak ironically  
 ‘ of Emily—I charge you.—’

“ By my good sword, Sir, no man  
 “ should dare to say as much as I  
 “ can.”—

‘ And what would you say of my  
 ‘ child’

‘ child’ (resumed her venerable father) ‘ more than truth ?’

“ Not a word, as I am a man of  
 “ honor ; but when I wish to be fi-  
 “ lent, why may I not be indulged.  
 “ —My dearest Mother, I appeal to  
 “ you.”

‘ The silence of my worthy Henry,  
 ‘ may prove ingratitude towards those  
 ‘ who love him.—’

“ So—ah ! if you knew Madam,  
 “ how cruel I might appear by  
 “ breathing officious truth.—”

‘ What can all this mean ?’ (said  
 my Father) ‘ Henry ! you are not  
 ‘ yourself—If you forfeit your candor  
 ‘ you will merit my contempt and  
 ‘ that of your friends.’

“ I expect it, Sir—I am prepared  
 “ to stand as the mark of scorn and  
 “ detestation—but surely I shall not  
 “ deserve the contempt of her for  
 “ whom I make this sacrifice ?”

‘ You will, upon my honour,  
 ‘ Henry ! yes ; positively you will  
 ‘ beg her contempt—nay, perhaps  
 ‘ you already have it—’

“ Humph !—If there is any mean-  
 “ ing in words, I am obliged to be-  
 “ lieve you are right, Sir.”

‘ Henry’ (resumed the Count de  
 Marfan) ‘ we must hear you plead  
 ‘ before a more competent and awful  
 ‘ judge.—Summon all your presence  
 ‘ of mind ; strengthen your eloquence,  
 ‘ and arrange your proofs.—You  
 ‘ have wounded the reputation of  
 ‘ Emily,



‘ Emily, even to her face ; yet I defy  
‘ you to hate her.’—

“ Hate her ! — Hate Emily ! —  
“ Hear me, thou Father of multi-  
“ plying joys ! Spread in this thorny  
“ wilderness a bed of roses for Emily !  
“ Teach thy Zephyrs to kiss her  
“ cheek ! Suffer not thy storms to  
“ burst upon her head. But bid her  
“ husband and her children bless  
“ her, when Henry’s form lies  
“ low ! ”—

‘ My dear son, you afflict me !—  
‘ Try to compose yourself—Speak  
‘ with coherence—your soul is agi-  
‘ tated with gusts of passion.’

The Count was grieved — He sighed  
and left the room. I sat down silently,  
condemned myself as one born to in-  
crease

crease the unhappiness of my friends ;  
mourned the singularity of my mind,  
and of my lot ; and cursed the un-  
lucky moment when I peeped through  
the window at Emily and the Corde-  
lier.

We were all thus lost in painful  
silence, when Count de Marfan re-  
turned, leading Emily in one hand,  
and the Cordelier in the other.—

O ! what a fight !—

—All my powers were shook ! I fell  
back in my chair, bereft of pleasure  
and of pain !—How the visitants,  
(not one of whom was a stranger, except  
the ugly, vexatious Cordelier) conduct-  
ed themselves ; who had been indiffer-  
ent, or who had been attentive to me,  
or how much precious time I had wast-

ed in my state of foolishness, I knew not—nor had my troubled spirit leisure, at this moment, for the empty nothings generally repeated on such occasions.

The nearest object, when I awoke, that offered, was Emily; she stood looking at me, even after I had opened my eyes and had fixed them on her, still the most interesting! But her looks, while piercing me to the soul, declared not a single thought of her own. Her features only wore that kind of exterior which is often unaptly termed vacancy, or absence of mind: I say *unaptly*, because the mind may be busied in strong working, behind flight and unmeaning appearances; or, like an œconomist, who whilst performing her task, without noise, in a remote part of her dwelling,

ling, leaves her front parlours unoccupied. Hence we find surprising wisdom in many a man wearing a dull countenance. So much for absence of mind—to indulge which I have digressed.

Hastily I arose from my seat, rushed by Emily without speaking, and she rewarded me, for my politeness, with a smile of conscious superiority. I cared not—the Cordelier was my object—towards him I advanced.—He was still habited as when in the Castle, carrying on his machinations; nor had even his motley beard been shaved—yet this uncouth appearance caused him no disconcertion in the present company.

I had sometimes in my imprisonment amused myself with the singularity



larity of this man's beard—the upper part of which, under his lower lip, was of a fine brown; and the end, which nearly reached his bosom, almost grey: yet he had not a wrinkle in his face to tally with the experience of forty years. I respected not his beard.

Dormoud had given a character of him, different from this he assumed, and I was resolutely determined to expose him to my friends as an impostor, whilst I avoided every expression that might tend to disclose the weakness of Emily.

All this was very commendable—but I had seldom formed a plan, succeeding circumstances did not break, and leave me gasping like an idiot after flying event.

This

This hour, I still presumed, would be to me that of exultation. He and Emily had triumphed.

Approaching this father of deceit; whose symptoms of sanctity, in spite of my rage, almost made me laugh, I addressed him without ceremony—

“I suppose, Sir, you are not yet  
“the husband of that lady—”

“You are very right, Sir, I am  
“not—” (making me a very low bow.)

“On what do you found your pre-  
“tensions?”

“On nothing in the world, but—  
bowing a second time.

“But

“ But what, Sir ?”—I fancied from his hesitation that he began to shudder at being detected, and repeated my question with pride.

‘ But love.’—Bowing still more obsequiously.

“ I—am not—no—I will not descend to a rivalry—but if you are a gentleman, I expect you will meet me at nine in the morning ; if not, own yourself an impostor, and elude my vengeance—In the interval stand upright.”

‘ You are not apt in doing as you are commanded ; but I’ll teach you, in an hour, to return my congee—and now—do you perceive I can stand upright ?’—coming up and looking over

over my head ; at least attempting to do it—I put my hand to my sword.—

‘ Not yet, Sir,’ (retreating) ‘ pay  
 ‘ a little more reverence, if not to  
 ‘ me, to my beard ; which is almost  
 ‘ worn out in more pious offices than  
 ‘ that you mean to employ me in—  
 ‘ Allow me to step into an apartment  
 ‘ for a few moments, and I will convince  
 ‘ you that I am a gentleman,  
 ‘ that I never elude the vengeance  
 ‘ of a vilifier—Aye, Sir, a cowardly  
 ‘ assassin of virgin fame !’

I made no reply ; ran to the bell—rang it outrageously, and ordered the servant to usher the Cordelier to the apartments prepared for the family of Count de Marfan. He accordingly retired.

‘ You



‘ You will repent your warmth,  
‘ Henry, said the Count ; you found  
‘ your challenge on false grounds.’

“ I think not, Sir—that man is an  
“ imposter.”

‘ How does that concern you ?’

“ Inasmuch as he imposed will-  
“ fully on my good opinion for cer-  
“ tain purposes—he—has—”

‘ What has he ?’ (replied Emily,  
interrupting me with a provoking  
smile.)

“ Madam—it would become you,  
“ at this moment, to be silent ; if,  
“ for the sake of one I loved, I re-  
“ signed my hope of happiness in  
“ his favour, while I believed him  
“ to

“ to be a man of honor, I will now  
 “ chastise and correct the baser part  
 “ of his character; and, I repeat my  
 “ opinion, that you should be silent.

‘ Suppose I should not think  
 ‘ with you, redoubted Henry, whose  
 ‘ wrongs are you at liberty to a-  
 ‘ venge?’

“ My own.”

‘ And how has the Cordelier wrong-  
 ‘ ed you?’—

“ By—by—daring to—”

‘ Run away with the lady you  
 ‘ thought proper to reject—Ha! Ha!  
 ‘ Ha!—were you then to learn that  
 ‘ Emily possessed virtue sufficient for  
 ‘ her own purpose, with much to  
 ‘ spare?’

‘ spare ?—Ha ! Ha !—how could you  
 ‘ be so ungrateful as to forget your  
 ‘ obligation, when you felt doubts  
 ‘ and unlicens’d passions that must  
 ‘ have swallowed your boasted honor,  
 ‘ had not Emily law’d you into re-  
 ‘ spect which was her due. My  
 ‘ good, Sir, you must be married to  
 ‘ be civil.—Suppose we send for my  
 ‘ late Lady Abbess ? Would you—  
 ‘ Ha—Ha—Ha—’

“ By Heaven, Madam, I’ll not be  
 “ laugh’d at ! you dare me—but  
 “ where was your excelling purity,  
 “ when your face lay against the bo-  
 “ som of the Cordelier ?”

‘ Gone—I suppose I was at that  
 ‘ instant the weakest of my sex !’

“ Con-

“Continue so!—but triumph not  
“publicly in—in—”

‘Hold!—the Cordelier had just  
‘then mentioned you—and your  
‘image never came back to my heart,  
‘but my cold maxims of virtue flew  
‘out of my head. I presume you  
‘must, by this time, be sensible,  
‘that where you are, Virtue stands a  
‘poor chance—’

“Hey! Hey! Is it possible, Sir,  
“I can be your son, that I am to be  
“treated thus?”

My Father laughed, and gave me a  
nod—Emily resumed—

‘To be truly serious, Henry, the  
‘knowledge of your captivity had  
‘bereft me of my senses—you had  
5 ‘long



‘ long been esteemed—but our first  
 ‘ interview placed me under the ne-  
 ‘ cessity of forgetting you for ever;  
 ‘ and perhaps we now meet, to meet  
 ‘ no more!’

“ Very well, Madam—you have  
 “ managed me very well! The Cor-  
 “ delier, I find, is to be your hus-  
 “ band—I tell you, he is no Corde-  
 “ lier. But, if you resolve to marry  
 “ him, I shall not fight him—may  
 “ you be happy! exquisitely happy.”

‘ I told you, when in the Castle,  
 ‘ Henry, that on your submission to  
 ‘ the Cordelier, depended your fate  
 ‘ and mine; on finding you suspect-  
 ‘ ed me, Pride gave birth to my  
 ‘ right of atonement from you, and  
 ‘ I charged the Cordelier not to re-  
 ‘ turn the insult, nor avenge it un-

' less you should ever be in a state  
 ' of freedom. To that end we a-  
 ' greed mutually never to inform  
 ' you of his name or quality : but, to  
 ' save you, if possible, with all your  
 ' faults ; it now appears that we all  
 ' have divided obligation in equal  
 ' shares. You are at liberty, I give  
 ' you my consent, that you marry  
 ' some rich old widow of ninety, of  
 ' whose personal beauties I request  
 ' you, for your own sake, to take  
 ' peculiar care ; and now, for my  
 ' frank explanation, make me a very  
 ' low bow !'

" Does this coquetry become you,  
 " Emily ? Is it thus we meet to part  
 " for ever."

' When did you set a proper value  
 ' on unaffected tenderness ? O Henry !

' What

‘ What days of dear regard did I  
 ‘ once promise myself with you !’

A tear, more valuable than the richest jewel of the East, stood trembling on the lid of this bewitching creature; she cast her eyes down with the vain hope of concealing it. I was rivetted to the floor! ashamed to own my anguish, and too proud to appear to understand her. Whilst lightning seemed to flash from her cheek to mine. - She was beyond herself—all intelligence!—A sigh escaped me, it drew another from her heart.—I again met her eyes, and was turning away that I might avoid their too powerful beams, when the Cordelier entered.

Had the Spirit of Nebuchadnezzar, hideous as he once roared in the

fields of Babylon arose, I could not have been more astonished than at this Cordelier—so perfect a Proteus! His beard was gone! He was dressed in a suit of blue and gold; and, at his button, hung the cross I had presented to Emily on that fatal day when she stepped into the carriage with her Father, purposing to return to her convent.

“Where am I?—Who am I?—  
 “shall I bear this slavish existence!  
 “No!—Love shall no longer drag  
 “me down to lenity and cowardice.  
 “Beautiful tyrant!—Disturber of my  
 “soul! Fly and leave this barbarian  
 “to my just revenge.”

Swelling with furious indignation,  
 I had drawn my sword, and, advancing  
 to the Cordelier, tore the vio-  
 lated



lated pledge of my affection from his bosom.

My friends, who, to my surprise, had sat quite unconcernedly and even amused, during the strange scene, now arose hastily from their seats, intending, I imagined, to become mediators; but my imagination had so long gone awry, that I began to suspect it would never rightly hit the truth, nor was I altogether deceived. My Father laughed, and bad me fight well in my cowardly cause, or I should, after all my endeavours, lose the lady.

“ I owe you no suitable answer at  
 “ this moment—Excuse me, Sir.—  
 “ With you Sir”—(turning to the  
 Cordelier) “ I have a heavy ac-  
 H 3 “ count.

“count. One of us must fall—follow me, Sir, immediately.”—

‘Will you take a pinch of snuff?’ (said this man with amazing *sang froid*)—and he really held his gold snuff box towards me, whilst I was raging with impatience, and ready to strike him that he might feel as I did.—I waited.

‘If you will not take snuff, or I will not fight you, it will be quite the same; you will, I am convinced, choak yourself with passion. Come;—let me see—your sword is too long, it measures more than mine by three inches—No matter, Sir, you shall have that advantage; my own is long enough to defend my SISTER.’—

“Sister

“ Sister !—Sister !—Am I awake ?  
 “ I am the only owl in the universe  
 “ that is blind at all times.—Gentle-  
 “ men and ladies—I am your very  
 “ humble servant ! I’ll plunge into  
 “ the crater of Vesuvius, but I’ll  
 “ cure my heart of this burn-  
 “ ing.—”

I was rushing out of the room,  
 mad with feeling and a multiplicity of  
 ideas, when the Count de Marfan  
 caught me by the arm.—

‘ Whither would you fly from  
 ‘ those who love you, Henry ? Is it  
 ‘ much for you to yield to the  
 ‘ truth ?—you never despised it.  
 ‘ And you have wandered from Truth  
 ‘ only whilst Truth was obscured  
 ‘ from you.’

“ Obscured! Good Lord! I lost  
 “ Truth with all her train of blessings,  
 “ when I suspected Emily.  
 “ Evil has grown on evil, till my  
 “ mind is dark! Emily can never  
 “ pardon me. I am wretched—a  
 “ very wretched out-cast—and I deserve  
 “ my fate.”

“ No; I must not think it. I  
 “ formed your mind; I planted pre-  
 “ cept in a noble soil, and it has  
 “ grown to virtue. You have not  
 “ disgraced yourself, nor me; the  
 “ struggles you have felt make you  
 “ infinitely dear.”

“ My generous Guardian! How  
 “ poor I am!—Yet you would ad-  
 “ minister peace. Will you intro-  
 “ duce me once more to your Emi-  
 “ ly? Say I have been to her long  
 “ a



“ a stranger, long a stranger to my-  
 “ self: say what I cannot say —  
 “ O! tell her more than she will be-  
 “ lieve! Tell her, without she will  
 “ be mine, I am undone; and you  
 “ will speak like Henry.”

The Count, ever persevering in the path of universal happiness, led me back to the company; placed my hand in the hand of his Son, to whom I lamented my error, and shewed him the note of assignation which had caused me so much affliction.

“ This note” (said he) “ my sister  
 “ wrote the next morning after I had,  
 “ from necessity, failed to meet her  
 “ at the garden gate of Marizeme;  
 “ but seeing me no more, (as I was  
 “ arrested that evening) till she saw  
 “ me in the Castle; the note, conse-

H 5                      “ quently,

'quently, never was conveyed. She  
 'had kept it; and as we were con-  
 'versing on the subject one day she  
 'took it from her pocket—I read it,  
 'accidentally put it in mine, and lost  
 'it somewhere in the Castle. I was  
 'distressed during some weeks, fear-  
 'ing Dormoud had found it; and,  
 'knowing his subtilty, had that  
 'been the case, my life would secret-  
 'ly have paid for my carelessness;  
 'since Dormoud must have been as-  
 'sured, I was the Cordelier men-  
 'tioned. Let us forget these miser-  
 'able hours, they can return no  
 'more; be happy, and you will con-  
 'tribute to our general felicity. Far  
 'from our direction, moves the Spirit  
 'of Event, who has so wonderfully  
 'and invisibly made us the joint in-  
 'struments of preservation to each  
 'other. But so it will ever be with  
 'kindred

‘ kindred souls, who act in secret uni-  
 ‘ son, attracted by that one great ob-  
 ‘ ject.’

“ The first Good, first Perfect and,  
 “ first Fair.”

While Douxvive—which was the name of Emily’s brother, was comforting me, my eyes would insensibly stray towards the window where she was standing—but Emily would not look at me; nor would one of the company plead my cause. I had not yet recovered the sting of self-reproach, and sat down daunted and disconsolate at a distant part of the room. My Mother, alive to sentiment, and newly awake to love, could not see the son she valued abandoned to cold repentance—she arose, took me by the hand, and led me to the

window where my Emily stood, awful in injury, yet unrepublishing.

‘ If error can meet indulgence,’  
(said my Mother) ‘ suffer me to  
‘ plead for my Henry ; pity the human heart, and consign not to misery the form you can make happy.  
‘ Be like the Father of the world,  
‘ not moving in frowns, in flames  
‘ and vengeance, as fools would  
‘ paint him, but beaming immeasurable love on the tribes of life. Woman was born to harmonize the  
‘ soul of man, to render him capable  
‘ of tasting refinement he never  
‘ could experience without her, and  
‘ to nurse the tender features of  
‘ Creation ; the superlative bliss of  
‘ mortals lives in blessing. Pardon  
‘ my Henry, and you will be blest.  
‘ O, Emily ! could you judge the  
‘ feel-



‘ feelings of a Mother ! how capaci-  
 ‘ ously she looks forward—how much  
 ‘ she goes out of herself to live again  
 ‘ in her offspring—I think you would,  
 ‘ for my sake, relent.’

The blushes of Emily became her  
 —but they increased the fires already  
 playing round my heart. Her tongue  
 was held by the trepidation of hers ;  
 and, timid as a fawn, encircled by  
 those who would deprive her of li-  
 berty ; she, with trembling expres-  
 sion, requested my Mother to con-  
 sult with the Count de Marsan, ad-  
 ding—

‘ The honor of my family is with  
 ‘ my Father : the affections of his  
 ‘ daughter he holds inviolate.’ At  
 ‘ present, I feel a little discomposed.  
 ‘ —Pardon me.’—

She

She withdrew—and with her went ten thousand of my hopes of future felicity.

Not one of our little group, I believe, could now be pronounced truly wretched. Dorovontes was in his study; but my Father was impatient, his generous heart was every moment filling with delight; and, drawing his chair near my Mother, he politely requested her to favour him, in few words, with the manner of her being restored.

‘ For ever indebted to good old  
 ‘ Malnor, he must relate my first  
 ‘ moments of returning life. I open-  
 ‘ ed my eyes on him, and some coun-  
 ‘ try women who were standing pity-  
 ‘ fully round me, and who had  
 ‘ bound up my wound. Being too  
 ‘ faint

' faint to stand, they wrapped me in  
 ' their cloaks, and placed me in a  
 ' small cart, in which were their  
 ' commodities for market.' Com-  
 ' passion suspended self-interest, and,  
 ' instead of going forward to the  
 ' sale, they returned ; and, after going  
 ' slowly about a mile through the  
 ' wood, struck into the high road ;  
 ' and in four hours arrived at a neat  
 ' farm-house. Here I was put into  
 ' a warm bed attended by a country  
 ' surgeon, who soothed me without  
 ' formality, and administered with-  
 ' out arrogance. The point of the  
 ' bayonet had passed through the top  
 ' of my shoulder—my arm hung life-  
 ' less ; but the surgeon, in a few  
 ' days, pronounced me out of dan-  
 ' ger. I had been for this interval  
 ' exceedingly low from loss of blood ;  
 ' in this languishment I was easy ;  
 ' a kind

‘ a kind of lethargy had fallen on my  
 ‘ mind, and I was not interested by  
 ‘ any object. The past, I remem-  
 ‘ bered but faintly; even you, and  
 ‘ my dear Henry, seemed to be so  
 ‘ very far off, that I gave you up  
 ‘ for ever, and lay composed on my  
 ‘ pillow, in a state of vacancy I can-  
 ‘ not describe. Happily my reco-  
 ‘ very was slowly progressive; no fe-  
 ‘ ver, no delirium followed, or I  
 ‘ might, in raving, have mentioned  
 ‘ my husband and my wrongs; which  
 ‘ would have awakened curiosity  
 ‘ disadvantageous, perhaps imperti-  
 ‘ nent. The good old man, who  
 ‘ preserved me, had waited for the  
 ‘ surgeon’s opinion, and journeyed  
 ‘ forward with a heavy heart. He  
 ‘ had revealed no more of my situa-  
 ‘ tion than it was necessary the pea-  
 ‘ sants should know. The surgeon  
 ‘ was



' was a worthy, not an inquisitive  
 ' man ; and I resolved, as I gradually  
 ' grew well, never to reveal myself,  
 ' but to obey the order of an invinci-  
 ' ble and invifible Power ; as I was  
 ' convinced that Power, moving  
 ' through millions of fyftems, could  
 ' not pafs over me without my feeling  
 ' its influence.

' My hofpitable hoftefs was a wi-  
 ' dow, with five children, for whose  
 ' fupport ſhe toiled in her little  
 ' farm, dug her garden, planted  
 ' beans, and even manured her field  
 ' with her own hands ; cheerful,  
 ' ſprightly and bleſſed with ſuch  
 ' ſweetneſs of temper that ſhe never  
 ' returned a frown, for the frown of  
 ' Fortune ; her childrens' faces were  
 ' dreſſed in continual ſmiles ; her  
 ' own

‘ own unambitious bosom was filled  
 ‘ with content.

‘ With this woman, taught e-  
 ‘ nough to be charmed with social  
 ‘ intercourse, and warm enough to  
 ‘ melt with female tenderness, I  
 ‘ learned to value the blessings of  
 ‘ humble life. As my strength re-  
 ‘ turned, I endeavored to alleviate  
 ‘ her arduous toils, after she had been  
 ‘ exposed to the mid-day sun, or the  
 ‘ bleak night wind. I knew not  
 ‘ whether you were in existence, nor  
 ‘ where to write to my brother the  
 ‘ Duke of B\*\*\*\*. My troubles  
 ‘ were heavy: I suppressed the re-  
 ‘ membrance of them, yet my tears  
 ‘ would flow when alone; and una-  
 ‘ vailing memory break my repose.  
 ‘ Thrown into this new and strange  
 ‘ situation, I tried to be reconciled;  
 ‘ soon

‘ soon became useful to my amiable  
 ‘ peasant, and after we had agreed  
 ‘ not to separate, I took the educa-  
 ‘ tion of her children solely on my-  
 ‘ self, while she pursued her rural  
 ‘ employment—the truly industrious  
 ‘ seldom starve. Her daughters I  
 ‘ taught reading, plain-work, and at  
 ‘ last to flower their muslin aprons, of  
 ‘ which they were exceedingly proud,  
 ‘ when they went to church on Sun-  
 ‘ days, not only of fine aprons, but  
 ‘ that the work was their own !

‘ In this state of innocence and  
 ‘ simplicity, I expected to spend my  
 ‘ remaining years. I could not hope  
 ‘ you or my Henry had survived  
 ‘ that dreadful night, when we were  
 ‘ all ensnared in the house adjoining  
 ‘ the convent ; and the dread of  
 ‘ being recognised by any strolling  
 ‘ pas-

' passenger, kept me much within.  
 ' If I ever was tempted to enjoy the  
 ' breath of morning at any distance  
 ' from the house, every breeze, every  
 ' rustling of the groves made me  
 ' start—Affliction had enervated me.  
 ' I was resigned, not courageous, but  
 ' frequently ascribed my foolish fears  
 ' to my weak state of health.

' Amusing myself one fine day on  
 ' the green before the door, with my  
 ' little pupils, we saw three soldiers  
 ' travelling on faint and weary; their  
 ' manner of putting their feet down,  
 ' as they stepped, convinced me they  
 ' were sore. Their cheeks were pale,  
 ' their eyes heavy, and their lips  
 ' parched, yet they journeyed pati-  
 ' ently on in the heat of the day,  
 ' without asking or expecting com-  
 ' fort. They had passed our dwell-  
 ' ling;



‘ ling; and, in passing, had touched  
 ‘ the cord of pity that held my heart.  
 ‘ To the sons of sorrow, I desired one  
 ‘ of my young companions to run,  
 ‘ and invite them to return. They  
 ‘ came; I civilly apologised, offered  
 ‘ them refreshment, which they  
 ‘ thankfully accepted; and, sitting  
 ‘ on the turf, became revived. It  
 ‘ was natural for them, as for thou-  
 ‘ sands more, to converse when their  
 ‘ spirits were light, on subjects with-  
 ‘ in their own sphere of activity.—’

‘ But what vexes me most,’ (said  
 one of them) ‘ is, that the Duke  
 ‘ marched us off so without our ha-  
 ‘ ving another smack at that d——d  
 ‘ prison — what’s ill-luck for one  
 ‘ night? Besides, in my opinion, we  
 ‘ had the best of it; for we lost but  
 ‘ three privates at that gate where  
 ‘ the

‘ the fortie was made, and the guards  
 ‘ of the Castle amounted, I’ll swear,  
 ‘ to more than thirty.’

‘ What signifies that,’ (replied a  
 second) ‘ you know the Governor  
 ‘ received a reinforcement the next  
 ‘ night of three hundred, which were  
 ‘ drawn up in the front of the Cas-  
 ‘ tle.—’

‘ Ha ! but I mean we should have  
 ‘ made a breach in the wall on the  
 ‘ first night ; we had a fairer chance  
 ‘ then.’

‘ So we might, if the Duke of  
 ‘ B\*\*\*\* had not given the com-  
 ‘ manding officer orders to save the  
 ‘ lives of his men, if he found the  
 ‘ Castle strongly defended.’

‘ I was

‘ I was tying up the wild flowers  
‘ we had gathered, whilst those men  
‘ were conversing on the grass-plot  
‘ —but, on hearing the name of my  
‘ brother, my heart was touched.

‘ The Duke of B\*\*\*\*, did you  
‘ mention, soldier ?’

‘ Yes, Madam ; as good an officer  
‘ as ever tried a musket.’

‘ Where is he ?’

‘ We know not where he is now,  
‘ Madam ; we are going home upon  
‘ furlough ; and I am to carry a let-  
‘ ter for him to the post at——’

‘ May I be permitted to read the  
‘ address ?’

‘ Yes,

‘ Yes, certainly; but you must  
‘ read it in my hand; I cannot let  
‘ the letter go out of my own hand.’

‘ I read—— ‘ To the Count de  
‘ Marfan.’

‘ I will give you this silver, if you  
‘ will throw a letter into the same post  
‘ for me.’

‘ That we will, Madam, or do any  
‘ thing else, if you please to com-  
‘ mand us.’

‘ Thank you : I have little to com-  
‘ mand—but in this you may render  
‘ me more service than I ever shall be  
‘ able to reward you for.

‘ I ran into the house; and fearful  
‘ of future chance, was constrained



‘ to stifle my best feelings. Surely  
 ‘ there is magic in the pen! It is the  
 ‘ talisman of a full soul, it embodies  
 ‘ thought, it substantiates vision, and  
 ‘ reverses the power of matter by  
 ‘ obliging us to behold the body  
 ‘ through the mind.

‘ At this moment, I dared not in-  
 ‘ dulge the mental relief, I dared  
 ‘ not unburthen my heaving bosom,  
 ‘ and only wrote whilst trembling  
 ‘ with self-denial—

‘ Should this reach you, remem-  
 ‘ ber E——, the friend of Henry—  
 ‘ sleeps at a country house in ——,  
 ‘ and will wait many months for your  
 ‘ answer.

‘ Disappointment had ever dog-  
 ‘ ged me, and now chilled my ex-

' pection. I could not be sanguine  
 ' in my hope of success; I was san-  
 ' guine enough in my wishes. Af-  
 ' ter I had delivered my letter to one  
 ' of the soldiers, who begged me  
 ' to rely on his honour, as famili-  
 ' arly as if he had been bred a  
 ' courtier, they departed with good  
 ' spirits and grateful hearts.

' True it is, that in our journey  
 ' towards the grave, we may often  
 ' cheer a fellow-traveller with a tri-  
 ' fle; and it is unfortunately as true,  
 ' that forgetful of the short distance,  
 ' we weary ourselves in pushing on  
 ' with our bags, merely to lay them  
 ' loaded on the brink, after leaving  
 ' our fellow creatures fainting be-  
 ' hind.

' You will be surprised, that in  
 ' the

‘ the course of five years I had not  
 ‘ endeavoured to find the Count de  
 ‘ Marsan. I had read in one of  
 ‘ the Paris papers, in which my  
 ‘ good hostess one day brought some  
 ‘ figs from market, that the Count de  
 ‘ Marsan was under an arrest, that a  
 ‘ seal had been put on his papers,  
 ‘ and that he was to be conveyed to  
 ‘ Paris. Only a part of this intelli-  
 ‘ gence I have since found was true;  
 ‘ but as it then increased my fears of  
 ‘ being again seized by the wolves of  
 ‘ despotism, I took no measure to  
 ‘ find Count de Marsan, till this op-  
 ‘ portunity offered, which has been  
 ‘ attended with success.

‘ After I had sent my letter, my  
 ‘ mind was more at ease. Hope  
 ‘ emerges from Uncertainty, we are  
 ‘ buoyed on her airy nothings, and

‘ if she can produce but one desira-  
 ‘ ble object in perspective, we spring  
 ‘ forward.

‘ I had lost you—with the Count  
 ‘ de Marfan, I promised myself the  
 ‘ last privilege of the wretched;  
 ‘ freely to mourn, or taste repose in  
 ‘ the bosom of Friendship. Hope  
 ‘ did not deceive me here; this dis-  
 ‘ interested and faithful friend ar-  
 ‘ rived on the — of —, and  
 ‘ guarded me, at midnight, to a  
 ‘ neighbouring village; after enrich-  
 ‘ ing the amiable woman who had so  
 ‘ kindly afforded me an asylum, and  
 ‘ whose unfeigned sorrow found no  
 ‘ relief at the moment of our sepa-  
 ‘ ration in pecuniary reward. To  
 ‘ her children I awakened her atten-  
 ‘ tion; commended them still to her  
 ‘ unremitting care; and, taking each  
 ‘ of



‘ of them by the hand, whilst the  
 ‘ big tears rolled silently down their  
 ‘ cheeks, softly whispered an adieu.

‘ From the Count I learned, with  
 ‘ pleasing astonishment, that his Emi-  
 ‘ ly had lately been recovered; that  
 ‘ you and my son were yet living,  
 ‘ prisoners in the Castle of M—,  
 ‘ and that my brother, the Duke of  
 ‘ B\*\*\*\*, with whom he had con-  
 ‘ stantly corresponded, had resolved  
 ‘ to free you at the hazard of his life  
 ‘ and fortunes. Here, my dear Hen-  
 ‘ ry, you have my tale, not replete  
 ‘ with high atchievement, but with  
 ‘ the placid charms of rural life;  
 ‘ which, I can assure you, will add  
 ‘ to my value as a wife and a mo-  
 ‘ ther, if industry is needed.’

My Father smiled, his very look

betrayed unaffected tenderness; and, in the most elegant language, he complimented his Eleānora on the self-possession and composure with which she had reconciled herself to change and misfortune: and much did she deserve commendation, who could prove, that the soul can command her fate by submission, finely blend the magnificent with the minute, and act sublimely with feeblér minds so delicately, that the latter shall draw comfort from the unison.

Dorovontes, after he had perused his letters, returned with a dejected countenance; his pensiveness gave alloy to the satisfaction we began to taste.

‘ My Father is dying,’ (said he)  
 ‘ what affects me more is, that he is  
 ‘ stung

‘ stung with remorse. I would give  
 ‘ my worldly possessions to purchase  
 ‘ him comfort! He now wishes the  
 ‘ past had never been, or at that  
 ‘ time could return. Is there a balm  
 ‘ in nature can deaden his memory?  
 ‘ O, no! None shall lift the man-  
 ‘ dragora to his lip but he who can  
 ‘ temper it with mercy.—Read this  
 ‘ letter—teach me to pluck the thorn  
 ‘ from his pillow—He calls on my  
 ‘ compassion.’

My Father read :

‘ DEAR LODNOR,

‘ MANY years have rolled  
 ‘ on since I wrote to you as a Fa-  
 ‘ ther, or considered you as my Son.  
 ‘ This lapse of time was like frozen  
 ‘ space in which nothing could exist  
 ‘ that felt. The aggrandisement of

‘ my family depended on you; the  
 ‘ daughter of Mezartes, whose power  
 ‘ would have placed you on the sum-  
 ‘ mit of ambition, waited to receive  
 ‘ your hand; and I vainly hoped  
 ‘ that the obstacle removed, your af-  
 ‘ fection would fade in the natural  
 ‘ inconstancy of youth. In this I  
 ‘ was self-deceived—Maria awakened  
 ‘ every tender emotion in your soul;  
 ‘ and every destructive passion in  
 ‘ mine, that can blot the beauty of  
 ‘ order, or deface humanity—you  
 ‘ were deaf to my commands—I was  
 ‘ incensed, Maria was the child of ob-  
 ‘ scurity, and I resolved the wife should  
 ‘ suffer for the husband’s disobedi-  
 ‘ ence. Your aunt Alizville wished  
 ‘ to save her; but, highly resent-  
 ‘ ing your obstinacy, I caused Maria  
 ‘ to be immured and executed in the  
 ‘ Castle of ———. Miserable, un-  
 ‘ fortunate



' fortunate Son of a more miserable  
 ' Father! Age and disease are  
 ' quenching my fiery spirit. Ap-  
 ' proaching death is throwing up  
 ' the veil of darkness and ambition,  
 ' and my past deeds lie heavy on my  
 ' dying heart! Maria! injured, pale  
 ' Maria, seems to stand at my pil-  
 ' low, whispering comfort; smiling  
 ' when I hope, and weeping when I  
 ' despair.—Is this the harmless form  
 ' I have torn from you! She is  
 ' gone!—No trace of Maria remains.  
 ' I am going!—Whither—O! whi-  
 ' ther is my fearful spirit doomed to  
 ' wander?—Lodnor!—I vainly call  
 ' on Lodnor; he hears me not. The  
 ' bird of night fits screeching to the  
 ' horrors of darkness, near my  
 ' chamber, on the old oak from  
 ' which you were used, in your boy-  
 ' ish days, to pluck the acorn, and

' bring it me, asking a smile for  
 ' your reward. Pity the prating of  
 ' an old man!—I am old—very old  
 ' —weary of the world—raving over  
 ' the picture of memory! yet trem-  
 ' bling at Death, who will soon erase  
 ' it.—Still I see you in every thing.  
 ' I hear you in the winds—I hear  
 ' you invisibly calling for Maria;  
 ' yet you come not to bless me with  
 ' the kiss of peace! you come not to  
 ' close my aged eyes! I cannot live  
 ' to receive your pardon—Farewell—

‘ D——’

. ‘Dorovontes’ (said my Father)  
 ‘ you have suffered much—the world  
 ‘ can hold no blessing equal to those  
 ‘ you have lost.—But what can hu-  
 ‘ man language teach you? Difficult,  
 ‘ as it may be thus to stand the ar-  
 ‘ rows

' rows of affliction, and to grieve in  
 ' silence, like the wounded hart, we  
 ' expect the mild and great example  
 ' in our friend. No aid can be af-  
 ' forded by external objects — you  
 ' know how to suffer! You can draw  
 ' auxiliaries from within; your soul,  
 ' independent of mankind, is inex-  
 ' haustible in her resources, and I  
 ' must commend you to yourself.'

' Is it not wonderful that a Father  
 ' should sunder my dearest ties, whilst  
 ' the ties of Nature were evidently  
 ' straining me to his heart? O, my  
 ' Father! Your heart is breaking!  
 ' you never till now conceived the  
 ' anguish of mine! Merciful heaven!  
 ' alleviate, or make his agonies of  
 ' short duration.—'

Dorovontes deeply felt the tree dying, from which he had shot forth a blossom on the world. The degraded soul alone can despise a parent—their very weaknesses endear them to us; their errors, when gone, excite our pity!

Thou who art now laying on the rack of duty the heart of thy child! tearing the casket that holds the image of guiltless love, and stung by human pride, wouldst eagerly draw forth that image, too sacred and too exquisite for thy touch!—Withhold the knife!—Know there are rights invisible, and superior to thy thirst of obedience! superior to thy prudent giving, and to thy cruel right of primogeniture; were they not, how unequally wouldst thou torture my children! Then spare the heart!

Leave



Leave not thy child as a trembling  
fabric, desolated by parental pride,  
falling silently into dust, unpitied  
and uncomplaining!

‘ I’ll go ! Order my attendants.—  
‘ I’ll go immediately.—Should he  
‘ not be dead ! what comfort shall I  
‘ feel in comforting him, in encour-  
‘ aging him to hope !—Or not to  
‘ hope ! but to throw himself undif-  
‘ mayed on the cause of creation.—I  
‘ must go—He will die easier at least  
‘ on my bosom.’

Far from lengthening our speeches  
into what the world calls advice, to-  
wards a man ardent in his sentiments  
of compassion, and who had a chance  
of giving pleasure to a mind that was  
yearning after him, we summoned  
his

his attendants, who obeyed Dorovontes more from love than fear.

‘ Hold,’ (said the latter)’ putting  
 ‘ his hand in his pocket ; here is another letter from Mirontere, an  
 ‘ old confidential friend of my Father’s ; it touches on much we already know. Grandsine was ever  
 ‘ one of the most abandoned principles.’

“ It seems, by comparing the dates,”  
 (said I) “ that Emily escaped him  
 “ at a moment when avarice had  
 “ seized his black soul, and hurried  
 “ him on to oppose the claim of Antonio’s orphan-daughter.”

I looked over my memorandums, found his letter to Emily when at the house of Marizeme, and forgave  
 Dormoud.

Dormoud all I owed him on my own account, for his deceiving Grandine; whom I shall no longer call Roderique.

‘ I am not surprized’ (said Dorovontes) ‘ at the contents of that letter,’ (as I was casting my eye over it) ‘ since Mirontere was the friend of De Forbes, and state secrets are no longer kept than it is the interest of statesmen to keep them.—Read Henry—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ YOUR Father, I am concerned to inform you, is ill; we have no hope of his recovery—he calls on you, talks to you as if you were near, and says his labouring Spirit can never leave the world until he

‘ he sees you. If such impatient dis-  
‘ traction is the effect of Fancy, I  
‘ fear Fancy can increase mortal  
‘ pangs! How incomprehensibly are  
‘ we formed; yet how wise we are  
‘ willing to appear in judging our  
‘ fellow creatures. I pity your Fa-  
‘ ther—I have no right to sit in the  
‘ judgment seat, or to stand between  
‘ him and his Maker. Have you  
‘ heard of the late attempt of the  
‘ Duke of B\*\*\*\* to deliver the two  
‘ state prisoners? The younger, it is  
‘ feared, has escaped, since he is nei-  
‘ ther dead nor alive to be found in  
‘ the Castle—the elder remains, but  
‘ cannot, or will not speak. Is it  
‘ not astonishing that an order should  
‘ pass the secret-council-chamber for  
‘ their immediate execution in one  
‘ night, and the same order be in-  
‘ stantly repealed? Such is the sport,  
‘ such:



‘ such the whim and caprice of those  
‘ who murder without law.

‘ I think you must remember De  
‘ Forbes, to whom the Queen-regent  
‘ often unburthened her conscience—  
‘ his younger son was killed in the  
‘ Forest of — in attempting to  
‘ seize the state prisoners I have men-  
‘ tioned. The elder came on the  
‘ — day of — to rescue an or-  
‘ phan left by his brother Antonio,  
‘ for whom trustees had put in a  
‘ claim, which went to the Castle of  
‘ — together with its domains,  
‘ and all the independent part of  
‘ poor Antonio’s fortune. This cause  
‘ is not decided ; but Gransdine, the  
‘ heir of De Forbes, (who I hear has  
‘ long borrowed the name of Rode-  
‘ rique) is gone to the Forest of —  
‘ with an intent of immuring the  
‘ orphan

' orphan for ever. See, my dear  
 ' Lodnor, how the world goes! We  
 ' are all busy, all aspiring, yet we  
 ' must sleep in everlasting beds no  
 ' higher than ant-hills. Happy are  
 ' you, whose pleasures rest not on  
 ' others, further than philanthropy  
 ' teaches you to bless them, and  
 ' making up, in speculation, what you  
 ' cannot demonstrate.—I know no  
 ' man so happy.—Long may you  
 ' continue to bless the circle of your  
 ' friends. Adieu,

G, MIRONTERE.

' The child has many claims,' (re-  
 ' plied my Father). ' she is placed be-  
 ' tween us all as our concentrating point  
 ' of gratitude and friendship; to  
 ' her relatives are we indebted for  
 ' every

‘ every earthly comfort—he must  
‘ find defenders.’

“ Dorovontes, Sir, will, on his  
“ journey to his Father, pass within  
“ twenty miles of the house of old  
“ Malnor, permit me to accompany  
“ him so far, and I will return.”

‘ I cannot consent, Henry,’ (said  
Dorovontes) ‘ you will be in dan-  
ger. Trust to chance when you  
‘ have nothing else to trust to; at  
‘ present you are secure. All that  
‘ can be done I have interest enough  
‘ to accomplish; and, however you  
‘ may express your gratitude to her  
‘ relatives, I offer my free agency to  
‘ the child.’

Night had been advancing some  
hours; we prevailed on our friend  
to

to remain till the break of day. Count de Marfan retired—Emily sent her apology for not supping with us ; and, full of idea natural to our different situations, we went to repose.

Emily had excused herself on account of indisposition, the reality of which I doubted—because I had more to fear. She had avoided an explanation, and I provoked her pride too far ; in this suspense I slept but lightly, forming shadows when awake, as clowns form gigantic figures in the exhalations of the atmosphere.

No influence so secretly prevades the universe.—No influence falls so surely, operates so forcibly, adheres so closely to the world, as that of love. To Love and Emily I owe all the chastity, humanity, generosity,  
pity,



pity, candor, friendship, and religion, I ever did or ever shall possess. No wonder I should deplore the absence of an object capable of filling my soul with excellence! But I sometimes could not tell why, with so much excellence, I could not be quite contented.

The morning come—Dorovontes took leave; and on enquiry, I was informed, that the complaint of Emily wore every symptom of increasing fever. Physicians were sent for; I was sensibly alarmed. Could they heal the soul! Douxvive seldom left me, but to sit near the bed of his sister. He was self-commanding, and blessed with the power of composing others. When I murmured at the waywardness of my fate, he would soothe my uneasiness, which fell little short

short of remorse; but obliquely hinted, that my future hope depended on Emily alone; for the Count de Marfan intended not to give his advice on the subject of our union.

Here was I again, a forsaken, unhappy man! truly experienced in the conflicts caused by pride and love, and had reason to suppose those passions were strongly contending in the heart of Emily. The suspending chance was, whether Love would prove most constant to a wretch like me.—

All that is woman in Emily I have insulted! That dignity of mind which supports the modesty of the wife, and secures the honor of the husband, I have so trifled with, that its estimate is fallen, and no longer binding between

tween Emily and me! Should she ask me now, in the midst of her superior advantages, what assurance I can give that she would not, through life, prove an object of my mean suspicion—what answer is left me?—Fool! Fool! Thus to leave myself at her mercy!—For if she is not angel enough to bless me faulty as I am, the world does not hold a man so miserable!

Thus I exclaimed, whilst my imagination was with her.—I felt her burning veins, her aching head, and lifted the cool beverage to her parched lip by the sympathising charm of Fancy. My soul existed with her! I felt the want of her! My appetite, my sleep forsook me; and as she hourly grew worse, she seemed to draw me downward to the grave.

My Father grieved—my Mother consoled me. I strove to be cheerful, nor did I willingly embitter one moment of their new-born happiness, but wandered frequently alone into the neighbouring woods, whilst Emily's scorching sighs I hoped were pleading with Heaven as they arose.

The Duke of B\*\*\*\*, accompanied by the Marquis, at length arrived. I hailed them with a grateful, but wounded heart. The Count de Marfan, Douxvive, the whole family were revived; and we were not without hope that Emily would share the general gratification. Her brother, the Marquis, had not seen her since more than six years had passed away. She now received him with tears of joy; hung upon his neck as he stooped over her pillow; and, laying



laying her head on his arm, as if she would have called him all her own, bade her Father be comforted, or he would be unworthy so noble a son.

She spoke with a smile—the cruel fever had more than vermilioned her cheeks; her eyes were beautiful, even in wildness; her fine hair fell in ringlets on the tucker of her night-gown, which was closely drawn round her bosom, and she looked like an angel contented to leave the world as she found it.

‘ My dear Eleanora’ (said she, taking my Mother by the hand) ‘ you never saw this brother of mine before; is he not handsome? Yes.—And he is not mean.—Where have you been so long—I have suffered in your absence—It does not signify  
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‘ —all is over ! Friends and foes have  
 ‘ hurted me—My head pains me—  
 ‘ So does my heart.—’

‘ My beloved sister’ (said Erlignores, almost in tears) ‘ you must try  
 ‘ to be well—I will come and sit  
 ‘ with you—we will alternately amuse  
 ‘ our friends; not that my adventures can enliven the sad, or make  
 ‘ the foolish wise; at least they have  
 ‘ not had that effect on me—but the  
 ‘ recital of dangers past, please many  
 ‘ who have not proved them; and  
 ‘ who, had that superlative honour  
 ‘ been offered them, at the peril of  
 ‘ their lives, would have been wise  
 ‘ enough to decline it. And now,  
 ‘ Emily, I am returned to be happy,  
 ‘ yet I cannot be happy without you  
 ‘ —Henry—’

‘ Hush—

‘ Hush—name not Henry—’

‘ But I must; I owe him my life,  
‘ you owe him a brother.’

‘ He has broke my heart—let me  
‘ forget he has done this—’

‘ Who! what! There is not a  
‘ more perfect character—’

‘ Tell him so—He will not believe  
‘ you.’—

I had been standing behind my Mother, agitated and impatient to make every protestation of truth, love, and eternal confidence; but was restrained by the fear of increasing her perturbation, which was so visible, that her Father recommended rest. We retired to the drawing-room, where the

Duke, my Father, and Douxvive waited. Tender concern hung on us all. Each would willingly have cheered his friend; and there was a vivacity and native liveliness in Erignores, so very different from the death-like state in which I saw him flumbering in the Castle, that I could with difficulty reconcile myself to his identity.

‘I hope, and I believe,’ (said he)  
 ‘that my sister’s illness will not be  
 ‘lasting. Her mind seems to have  
 ‘undergone some violent shock;  
 ‘which, as time will oblige her to  
 ‘forget, her fever will weaken in its  
 ‘progress—but what does she mean  
 ‘by accusing you, Henry?’

The Count de Marfan generously  
 undertook the explanation of my  
 fond



fond credulity, in which he mingled so many eulogiums on my character, that I was half inclined to withdraw, and leave my character in his hands. Erlignores smiled, drew from his Father's story higher hopes of Emily's recovery: and, after flattering ourselves into a kind of consolation, equally tasted, the Count desired his son to relate his troubles; adding, 'never were a family so oppressed, 'and so wonderfully restored to each 'other. Posterity would reject the 'tale! or deem it fabulous!'

' You may remember, Sir, that  
' my brother and myself wrote to  
' you, and to our sister, who was  
' then in the convent of — on our  
' going a tour with the Duke of  
' B\*\*\*\*. The Duke had long been  
' disgusted with the court-party, and

' with the King, whom he suspected  
 ' of countenancing the persecution  
 ' of the elder Henry, and of im-  
 ' muring his sister, Eleanora; his  
 ' constancy and faithfulness to the  
 ' Monarch was not shaken by indig-  
 ' nities repeated, whilst his mind was  
 ' in uncertainty; from the time Ele-  
 ' anora was secretly conveyed away,  
 ' and the Duke had entrusted her in-  
 ' fant son to your protection, he  
 ' had heard no account of Henry or  
 ' his tutor, till a peasant brought  
 ' him a private letter, in which the  
 ' former related the manner of his  
 ' being shipwrecked in an attempt of  
 ' the state to change the place of his  
 ' imprisonment, after the death of  
 ' his tutor, for that of the fortress  
 ' of —

' After

' After answering this letter by the  
 ' peasant, informing his brother of  
 ' his intention to quit France, for  
 ' awhile appointing the residence of  
 ' Dorovontes, as a general rendez-  
 ' vous, and advising Henry to tra-  
 ' vel *incog*, we took leave of our  
 ' friends. At every convent we pass-  
 ' ed, during our journey by land,  
 ' we made enquiries for Eleanora,  
 ' but in vain. Letters addressed to  
 ' the Duke of B\*\*\*\* were forward-  
 ' ed by agency after him; and we  
 ' received one from his faithful confi-  
 ' dent Diralveir, informing him, that  
 ' if he was not careful he would be  
 ' arrested, as spies were sent after  
 ' him for that purpose. This infor-  
 ' mation obliged us to leave *terra*  
 ' *firma*, and take shipping; not that  
 ' we had a favourite port in view.  
 ' Courtiers, in disgrace, have gene-

rally the world before them. But  
 Dormoud, with whose intimacy the  
 Duke had disgraced himself, we  
 were informed, was so active in  
 pursuing him, that we put to sea  
 in the first vessel we could meet  
 with. So it will ever be—mo-  
 narchs blinded by parasites, devote  
 their best friends to destruction.  
 Soon as we were on board, we  
 were informed the vessel was bound  
 to Carthagenæ. The Duke smiled  
 at the caprice of his fortune, and  
 obeyed it with good humour.—  
 Douxvive and myself would have  
 been ashamed to murmur under so  
 superior an example of patience and  
 magnanimity. For my part, be-  
 ing of a lively temper, though of  
 corrected principles, I diverted my-  
 self, when I could, and mourned  
 only when I was obliged to mourn;  
 of



' of course company enticed me, and  
 ' I frequently staid later than I  
 ' ought; too prodigal of time, sel-  
 ' dom valued till nearly spent, I had  
 ' dined and supped with a French  
 ' family, thoughtless of the hours  
 ' till the clock struck twelve—I  
 ' started from my seat, took my hat,  
 ' and was walking sedately to my  
 ' lodgings, when I heard the clash-  
 ' ing of weapons; and, turning the  
 ' corner of the street, saw Henry  
 ' against the wall, defending himself  
 ' from four or five bravoës; some of  
 ' whom he laid at his feet. I assisted  
 ' him in finishing the business with-  
 ' out knowing him; left Carthage-  
 ' na in two days after, and never saw  
 ' him till he stood near the side of  
 ' my bed in the Castle; nor had I  
 ' even then a knowledge of his birth

' and connexions. To have remain-  
 ' ed at Carthagena—to have sought  
 ' the torrid or the frigid zone, would  
 ' have been less dangerous than our  
 ' return to France. We consulted  
 ' on this point, and concluded, that  
 ' to be travellers in foreign lands,  
 ' with no object in view, was to waste  
 ' life. France was at this period in  
 ' a state of secret anarchy, whose  
 ' murmurs were lulled to temporary  
 ' silence by cruelty and terror, whilst  
 ' the wounded were forbid to groan.  
 ' The Duke pitied those who could  
 ' not relieve themselves. He was,  
 ' by the people, universally beloved,  
 ' the people who had an equal right  
 ' with their Monarch to retain their  
 ' possessions, had many of them lost  
 ' their possessions. They assembled  
 ' in small divisions; were sometimes  
 ' scattered,

' scattered, and again were observed  
 ' to unite, and to complain. The  
 ' Duke of Savoy, whose views were  
 ' interested with the Elector of Ba-  
 ' varia, joined the mal-contents.—  
 ' The Duke of B\*\*\*\* made himself  
 ' known to them, was joyfully re-  
 ' ceived, and his presence added spi-  
 ' rit to enterprise. To sanctify his  
 ' daring, give new vigour to his  
 ' patriotism, and martial ardor, we  
 ' received a letter from Dorovontes,  
 ' enclosing one from the Count de  
 ' Marfan; wherein we were informed  
 ' that our sister Emily was ravished  
 ' from him, that Eleanora, Henry  
 ' the elder, and Henry the younger,  
 ' he had reason to believe, were exe-  
 ' cuted or made prisoners for life :  
 ' that all were lost to him—himself  
 ' under arrest in his own house, and  
 ' his papers under the state seal.

‘ This information made it unsafe  
 ‘ for us to visit my Father. We  
 ‘ wrote to Dorovontes for letters of  
 ‘ credit and character, to introduce  
 ‘ one of us to Le Tellier, with whom  
 ‘ Dorovontes was a favourite, and  
 ‘ to whom my brother and myself  
 ‘ were personally unknown. My ha-  
 ‘ bit was sometimes that of a mecha-  
 ‘ nic, the Duke’s that of a private  
 ‘ gentleman, Douxvive was fixed on  
 ‘ to cultivate the friendship of Le  
 ‘ Tellier, disguised as a Cordelier.  
 ‘ By this stratagem we hoped to lay  
 ‘ hold of some clue to guide us through  
 ‘ the impervious labyrinth of court  
 ‘ intrigue; and, to further it, my  
 ‘ brother remained within till his  
 ‘ beard was grown long enough to  
 ‘ conceal an artificial one of added  
 ‘ length, lest his youthful appearance  
 ‘ might prove repulsive to that fami-  
 ‘ liarity



'liarity and confidence, seldom re-  
 'posed but in the bosom deepened by  
 'years and experience. The mind of  
 'my brother was ever serene; the  
 'passions in him but seemed as  
 'wholesome winds; not violently im-  
 'pelling, but moving to actuate and  
 'inspire. With natural advantages,  
 'so necessary, he approached le Tel-  
 'lier; and found the wily statesman  
 'surrounded by men sanguinary in  
 'their views, servile in their means of  
 'attaining them, and barbarous and  
 'bloody in executing. Among these  
 'were Gransdine, the elder son of  
 'De Forbes, and Dormoud the ene-  
 'my of the Duke of B\*\*\*\*. Granf-  
 'dine knew not my brother; who,  
 'finding the understanding of Dor-  
 'moud the most intelligent, though  
 'most perverted, thought if any im-  
 'portant business was to be perform-  
 'ed,

' ed, the sagacious le Tellier would  
 ' rather act in conjunction with Dor-  
 ' mould, than with the hot, impetu-  
 ' ous Gransdine; who, blinded by  
 ' the softened manner, and elegant  
 ' language of Dormoud, had weakly  
 ' and foolishly made him his confi-  
 ' dent. The man who is enriched  
 ' with the secrets of another, has  
 ' more to bestow than he can call  
 ' his own. Sacred, dear, and inva-  
 ' luable should be the troubles of  
 ' those who repose them with us;  
 ' but friendship, like the oak, must  
 ' die in soil too light to permit its  
 ' root to go downward with time.  
 ' More or less we are atoms, sporting  
 ' in sun-shine, and torpid in gloom.  
 ' Dormoud had a masterly spirit—  
 ' millions were but as puppets to  
 ' him; or as machines, whose springs  
 ' of motion he could make subser-  
 ' vient

' vient to his pleasures. Gransdine  
 ' had strong powers of natural vil-  
 ' lany; those powers were not ripe,  
 ' consequently the influence of those  
 ' two men, acting upon each other,  
 ' was unequal. Gransdine sank in  
 ' degree, yet acting on unguarded  
 ' innocence, I know not if he was  
 ' not, in unfeeling vice, superior to  
 ' Dormoud. Douxvive, whose placi-  
 ' dity was prepossessing, heard the  
 ' latter with complacence, nor ever  
 ' reproved him with severity. Igno-  
 ' rance alone is awed by terror into  
 ' the resemblance of virtue; but for  
 ' him, whose high abilities render  
 ' him capable of being virtuous  
 ' or vicious systematically, Nature  
 ' throws open a field where this li-  
 ' bertine roves till he drops ex-  
 ' hausted.

My

‘ My brother’s character endear-  
 ‘ ed him so far to Dormoud, that I  
 ‘ believe he would have trusted him  
 ‘ as much as he would any other of  
 ‘ religious persuasion ; and as he  
 ‘ made no secret of his amours, but  
 ‘ rather gloried in foiling a man in  
 ‘ love, to whom he professed friend-  
 ‘ ship, he mentioned the design of  
 ‘ Gransdine to convey a lady from a  
 ‘ convent, and his own design of  
 ‘ stealing her from Gransdine.

‘ This young gallant,’ (said he to  
 ‘ my brother) ‘ can he suppose him-  
 ‘ self strong enough to confine a pas-  
 ‘ sion, boundless as air, and old as  
 ‘ the world ? I have not long taken  
 ‘ him into the circle of my acquaint-  
 ‘ ance, but am assured, if the lady  
 ‘ does not fall into my arms, she will  
 ‘ be obliged to be wretched in the  
 ‘ arms



' arms of Gransdine; and, on the  
 ' comparison of two seducers, I think  
 ' the advantage is mine: for if I can  
 ' keep my resolutions I will offer no  
 ' compulsion, further than to secure  
 ' her. Time, the attractions of  
 ' my temper and person, may give  
 ' birth to Confidence; Confidence to  
 ' Friendship, and Love, under Friend-  
 ' ship's amiable mask, will ensure  
 ' me a glorious conquest. Since love,  
 ' once raised in the bosom of wo-  
 ' man, affords none but soft ideas;  
 ' dresses every object she admires in  
 ' the hues of tenderness and compas-  
 ' sion; her imagination melts, and  
 ' she blesses her adorer to relieve her-  
 ' self.'

' Dormoud was cunning, but had  
 ' not penetration to discern that the  
 ' soul of Emily was fixed at no com-  
 ' mon

‘ mon standard. The plan was  
 ‘ however laid, Emily was carried  
 ‘ off to a lone house; Douxvive fol-  
 ‘ lowed at a distance on horse back,  
 ‘ not certain it was our sister, but in-  
 ‘ tending secretly to oppose those  
 ‘ abandoned men, in assisting female  
 ‘ virtue. To his surprize he saw  
 ‘ them depart rather abruptly.—’

Interrupting the brother of Emily,  
 I asked him “ if he could remember  
 “ that day.”

‘ I can,’ (he replied) ‘ for I made  
 ‘ notes; so did Douxvive and the  
 ‘ Duke of their occurrences, and re-  
 ‘ gulated separately by these notes, I  
 ‘ am enabled to be thus explicit.’

Douxvive, from his pocket book,  
 proved it to be 23d July, 1684.  
 By comparing, we found repeated  
 proof,

proof, that the claim of Anna's orphan daughter, had been the preservation of Emily; at least it had rescued her from raging brutality to throw her into the snares of a more refined and stedfast veteran in licentiousness.

‘ It was at this period Roderique  
 ‘ had sent her the billet, and left her  
 ‘ suddenly to behold her no more.  
 ‘ Douxvive, on seeing their carriage  
 ‘ drive off, fastened his horse in the  
 ‘ wood, observed the dwelling, found  
 ‘ it suited to base purposes, soon  
 ‘ made himself known to Emily, and  
 ‘ promised to deliver her; ignorant  
 ‘ that himself had been followed  
 ‘ from day to day by the emissaries  
 ‘ of Granfdine, who had long secretly  
 ‘ envied, and at last caused him  
 ‘ to be seized. This violation of the  
 ‘ sacred

' sacred character, produced a con-  
 ' trary effect to the wishes of his op-  
 ' ponent. Le Tellier, and his son  
 ' Louvois, ridiculed Gransdine, pro-  
 ' tected Douxvive, restored him to  
 ' freedom; and Dormoud now con-  
 ' vinced that my brother must hate  
 ' his rival, who had so injured him,  
 ' took him aside and informed him  
 ' with transport, Gransdine would  
 ' be sufficiently punished in the loss  
 ' of his fair prize.'

' I have secured the enchanting  
 ' beauty! she must be mine.—Grans-  
 ' dine is unworthy of her: nor dare  
 ' I whisper the violence of my af-  
 ' fection till she is in the Castle of  
 ' St. M — of which I am Gover-  
 ' nor. There, as time wears away  
 ' her cold and frivolous objections,  
 ' it



‘ it will strengthen my tender sup-  
 ‘ plications, and I shall be beloved.’

‘ Douxvive affected to feel a par-  
 ‘ ticipation of Dormoud’s unwar-  
 ‘ rantable satisfaction ; but immedi-  
 ‘ ately applied to Le Tellier, re-  
 ‘ questing he might officiate in pious  
 ‘ purposes with the prisoners in the  
 ‘ Castle of St. M——. His request  
 ‘ was granted, and his laudable artifice  
 ‘ was not discovered till it was crown-  
 ‘ ed with success. Whilst my bro-  
 ‘ ther was thus employed, the Hu-  
 ‘ guenots were gaining strength ; the  
 ‘ Duke of Savoy and the Elector of  
 ‘ Bavaria encouraged their unavail-  
 ‘ ing hope of vengeance, which was  
 ‘ secretly flattered by other Princes,  
 ‘ whom the aspiring soul of Louis  
 ‘ had thrown beneath their claims.  
 ‘ The Duke of B\*\*\*\*, studied the

‘ melancholy effects that must necessarily arise from the dreadful contest, weighed oppression on the side of the State, opposition on the side of the People; and shuddered at the idea.’

‘ How many victims will expire !  
 ‘ How much blood will flow around  
 ‘ the altars of rebellion !’ (said he one day) ‘ I have other sentiments, but will not disclose them to Savoy.’

‘ From that moment he used every lenient method of opening the eyes of Louis, without resigning totally his purpose.’

‘ For my part, whatever he dared,  
 ‘ I was proud to follow; I did not want more spirit, but was often  
 3 ‘ tempted

' tempted to partake of better fare  
 ' than I could procure when on duty  
 ' among the shivering and half starv-  
 ' ed soldiery. My courage was of  
 ' that lively kind, which fills the  
 ' bosom of the young. Light, easily  
 ' kindled, and perhaps well tried,  
 ' would have been easily damped:  
 ' I hated hardship and adversity, as  
 ' much as any man could hate what  
 ' is inimical to his pleasure. My  
 ' predilection for selfish comforts,  
 ' whilst many a better soldier than  
 ' myself was braving the cold night,  
 ' was of a sudden compleatly cor-  
 ' rected. I had, disguised, supped  
 ' in private with some ladies who  
 ' were related to one of my brother  
 ' officers—they were beautiful and  
 ' patriotic. I left them late; and  
 ' was stealing along a bye road to-  
 ' wards one of our concealed divi-  
 ' sions,

‘ fions, when I saw a poor soldier,  
 ‘ whom I did not know, guarded by  
 ‘ a troop of soldiers; withdrawing  
 ‘ myself close behind a tree, I stood  
 ‘ till they were passed, and heard  
 ‘ one of them name the Duke of  
 ‘ B\*\*\*\*; I was certain the Duke was  
 ‘ not the person they had em-  
 ‘ barrased: and, when they were  
 ‘ out of hearing, ran as fast as I  
 ‘ was able. The night was dark; I  
 ‘ had two miles distance, was fearful  
 ‘ of slackening my pace, kept it up;  
 ‘ and, with my usual good luck, ran  
 ‘ against a soldier so forcibly that we  
 ‘ both fell—it was no moment for  
 ‘ politeness—I stayed not to compli-  
 ‘ ment or condole my fellow knight-  
 ‘ errant, but as terror made me alert,  
 ‘ was on my feet first; and, setting  
 ‘ off again, when my career was,  
 ‘ in a most surly manner, arrested  
 ‘ by



‘ by five men armed, who secured  
 ‘ me for the night. I had some of  
 ‘ the Duke’s plans in my pocket,  
 ‘ which I contrived to secrete about  
 ‘ my person, leaving only one letter I  
 ‘ had copied for him on the yesterday,  
 ‘ to the scrutiny of those I suspected  
 ‘ would search me. This letter pre-  
 ‘ served others of more importance,  
 ‘ and contained enough to do my  
 ‘ business ultimately; addressed, as  
 ‘ it was, to the Duke of Savoy, on  
 ‘ the safest method of procuring re-  
 ‘ dress without massacre.

‘ This was sufficient. — Louvois  
 ‘ was written to on the circumstance;  
 ‘ I was immediately condemned to  
 ‘ imprisonment for life, and to be  
 ‘ treated with rigor.

‘ This was too much; it implied  
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‘ that I was no longer worth keeping,  
 ‘ and the sooner I was out of the  
 ‘ way the better.

‘ My health, strength, and spirits  
 ‘ were for awhile entire. Whilst my  
 ‘ powers kept their usual tone, I  
 ‘ proudly fancied myself unconquer-  
 ‘ ed; but the very temperate mode  
 ‘ of living, observed in the Castle  
 ‘ of —— soon brought down my flesh  
 ‘ and my stoicism; and, after feed-  
 ‘ ing some months on thin soup, I  
 ‘ began to fancy I was not quite the  
 ‘ hero. My complexion grew pale  
 ‘ and delicate, my limbs slender, my  
 ‘ animal spirits crept lazily on, and  
 ‘ my tongue began to be out of  
 ‘ use—there was no remedy for all  
 ‘ this—I saw my fate approaching—  
 ‘ my greatest uneasiness was on ac-  
 ‘ count of the Duke’s papers, who  
 ‘ (it

“ (it was whispered in the Castle)  
 ‘ was expected in the island at the  
 ‘ head of an armed force, intended  
 ‘ to storm the Castle. This I was  
 ‘ not credulous enough to believe,  
 ‘ as the Duke could not possibly be  
 ‘ informed of the place of my con-  
 ‘ finement—but guilt creates terror,  
 ‘ on which it must feed or starve :  
 ‘ falsehood and murder aid the infer-  
 ‘ nal propagation.—So it was with  
 ‘ the instruments of state treachery.  
 ‘ My brother Douxvive was ever  
 ‘ blessed by Nature with an unresist-  
 ‘ ing sweetness and pliability of tem-  
 ‘ per. It was never given me; but  
 ‘ I had the merit of learning it in  
 ‘ the Castle. My behaviour, so civil !  
 ‘ so patient ! so exceedingly resigned  
 ‘ and uncomplaining ! attracted the  
 ‘ observance of Dormoud ; who had  
 ‘ the humanity to order my fetters  
 L 2                      ‘ off,

' off, when I could scarcely stand,  
 ' that I might (as he said) die with  
 ' EASE. Ease (some people say) is  
 ' happiness; cessation from pain is  
 ' pleasure, (say others) this reason-  
 ' ing is good, like every other chain  
 ' of human idea, as far as it goes.  
 ' I was easy enough to suppose I  
 ' could still be more easy somewhere  
 ' else; and happy enough to hope  
 ' for riper happiness somewhere else.  
 ' I was positively so elevated and so  
 ' flattered by this first mark of indul-  
 ' gence; that, like a forward child,  
 ' I began to presume, and expect  
 ' new indulgencies successively as my  
 ' right, and as appertaining to the  
 ' preceding one. I even expected  
 ' to be released as the troubles of  
 ' France subsided. These were pleas-  
 ' ing ideas, for a man who seldom  
 ' consulted reason or probability,  
 ' while



‘ while he sat dreaming over them.  
 ‘ Who shall rail at Hope, when she  
 ‘ fooths by deception? when she la-  
 ‘ bours in perspective to comfort the  
 ‘ mourning captive!

‘ Hope, lovely artist! paints the future day,  
 ‘ The mingled tints of bliss her hand obey;  
 ‘ Smiling she bids us touch the tempting  
   ‘ shade,  
 ‘ We strive, but ah! when near, her colours  
   ‘ fade.  
 ‘ Fate blots her canvass! Ling’ring she retires,  
 ‘ Yet mid our night of woe holds high her  
   ‘ wand’ring fires.

‘ Observing my allowed quantity  
 ‘ of water diminish daily, from a  
 ‘ quart to a pint, from a pint lessen-  
 ‘ ing in degree, I complained to Mal-  
 ‘ nor who attended me. The poor  
 ‘ fellow made no reply, but conti-  
 ‘ nued to bring less, till I was to-  
 ‘ tally deprived of every kind of li-

' quid. Seven days and nights pass-  
 ' ed slowly and miserably on; I was  
 ' burning with thirst, my lips wore  
 ' a livid purple, my cheeks a deep  
 ' red for want of dilution. Remon-  
 ' strance, prayer, and tears, were  
 ' vain; the pensive Malnor conti-  
 ' nued silent, and the last time I saw  
 ' him come into my apartment with  
 ' dry food, the sight of which I now  
 ' loathed, his sighs proclaimed my  
 ' dreadful fate.

' Throwing myself on my knees,  
 ' weak as I was, I implored his pity;  
 ' in the language of struggling nature  
 ' begged only for a spoonful of wa-  
 ' ter to moisten my lips, which he  
 ' was enforced to deny, and stood  
 ' trembling with horror—he could  
 ' not bid me hope—he was unwilling  
 ' to tell me I must die—I ceased to  
 ' plead

‘ plead with him—his heart dis-  
 ‘ solved—I pitied him as he wept  
 ‘ for me.

‘ Raising me in his arms, mute  
 ‘ and exhausted, he laid me on my  
 ‘ pillow; and, in a tremulous voice  
 ‘ warned me not to drink.’

‘ I have forbore to bring you the  
 ‘ fatal cup’ (said he) ‘ or you would  
 ‘ by this time have been no more!—  
 ‘ My compassion has prolonged your  
 ‘ misery, whilst it prolonged your ex-  
 ‘ istence. Now I discern no hope  
 ‘ of your relief—but—bear thirst, if  
 ‘ possible—a little longer—life is so  
 ‘ dear!—I know not what I say!—’  
 (bursting into tears.) ‘ O Sir!—the  
 ‘ next draught—’

‘ Go on young man—I am more

‘ collected—my latest feelings will  
 ‘ be grateful to you.’

‘ In your next draught—’tis dread-  
 ‘ ful—will be mixed a certain quan-  
 ‘ tity of powst, the effect of which  
 ‘ will tranquillise, whilst it preys on,  
 ‘ and extinguishes *easily* the vital  
 ‘ powers.’

‘ This sad intelligence disclosed,  
 ‘ Malnor sorrowfully retired.

‘ As every element in Nature in-  
 ‘ creases its force till met by a repel-  
 ‘ lant, so did heat succeed to thirst  
 ‘ in my devoted frame, till the very  
 ‘ ends of my fingers seemed to blaze.  
 ‘ I ate no more; the sight of food  
 ‘ gave me a new kind of hydropho-  
 ‘ bia—It became my aversion—two  
 ‘ days longer I bore the burning  
 ‘ plague.



' plague. Delirious at last, I bade  
 ' Malnor bring the deadly cup. He  
 ' entered, pale and trembling; it  
 ' was strange—but so keenly was I  
 ' stung by the desire of drinking,  
 ' that danger was forgot, and death,  
 ' on comparison, a lesser evil. The  
 ' sight of the cup, as it shook  
 ' in the hand of Malnor, gave more  
 ' pleasure than I can express. My  
 ' eager eyes were fixed on it; my lips  
 ' quivered; I hastily swallowed the  
 ' lethargic potion; and, bitter as it  
 ' was, wished for more. From that  
 ' moment the prospect of life faded;  
 ' anxiety began to lose its hold on  
 ' my powers of reason and memory,  
 ' and I sank drowsily on my pillow;  
 ' in a few moments my ideas became  
 ' unfashioned and broken—Images  
 ' monstrous and vast appeared flitting  
 ' to and fro as my senses were de-

‘ parting—the last real substance I  
 ‘ discerned, was Henry, to whom, I  
 ‘ think, the name of Emily escaped  
 ‘ me.—’

“ Pardon me for interrupting  
 “ you” (said I) “ had you named  
 “ Emily, that name alone would  
 “ have preserved me from the errors  
 “ I have been guilty of, and the an-  
 “ guish I have known—unfortunate-  
 “ ly, your last accents were—‘ I  
 ‘ have a sister’—“ you spoke no more  
 “ at that time.”

‘ Never repine, my good Henry,  
 ‘ we are very well met. The chasm,  
 ‘ in my term of existence, caused by  
 ‘ the congealing draught, my friends  
 ‘ can best describe. Malnor posses-  
 ‘ ses every virtue that adorns the hu-  
 ‘ man

‘ man mind—to him I must be in-  
 ‘ debted for ever.

‘ You will perceive, it was im-  
 ‘ possible for me to be acquainted  
 ‘ with the birth and family of Henry,  
 ‘ I had only met with him casually  
 ‘ at Carthagenæ; but, on my reco-  
 ‘ very, I found the Duke of B\*\*\*\*  
 ‘ was really arrived in the island—  
 ‘ and, on joining him, read a letter  
 ‘ from my brother Douxvive; in  
 ‘ which every terrible transaction that  
 ‘ had occurred in the Castle was re-  
 ‘ lated, with the manner of my be-  
 ‘ ing secretly poisoned. The lamen-  
 ‘ tations of my brother, on believing  
 ‘ me dead, had rather a pleasant ef-  
 ‘ fect on me. I loved him, and an-  
 ‘ ticipated the transport we should  
 ‘ mutually feel at standing before  
 L 6                      ‘ him

‘ him in some future hour—tall and  
 ‘ erect, the image my maker.’

‘ In this letter we were not in-  
 ‘ formed of the fate of the elder  
 ‘ Henry. Malnor had been confined  
 ‘ in a separate prison till after my  
 ‘ commitment. He had seen that no-  
 ‘ ble prisoner but was uncertain even  
 ‘ whether he had seen him, since  
 ‘ the person was masked, guarded  
 ‘ when he walked the pavement in  
 ‘ the remote part of the Castle, and  
 ‘ had not spoke.’—

“ But I am rather astonished, that  
 “ Douxvive never mentioned Emily,  
 “ as a captive, in the letter he wrote  
 “ to the Duke.”

‘ Emily,’ ( replied Douxvive )  
 ‘ would



‘ would not permit me to mention  
 ‘ her situation.

‘ A knowledge of it’ (said she)  
 ‘ must be unavailing; and, at this  
 ‘ great crisis, may be fatal. My  
 ‘ Father would join the mal contents  
 ‘ —I would not purchase freedom at  
 ‘ the expence of a life so dear and  
 ‘ sacred !’

‘ The want of this information’  
 ‘ (resumed his brother) ‘ could not  
 ‘ impede the movements of the dif-  
 ‘ ferent divisions, as such a circum-  
 ‘ stance could only have stimulated  
 ‘ a few individuals. The Duke con-  
 ‘ tinued to advance indirectly, and  
 ‘ mostly by night, towards the Cas-  
 ‘ tle, which he knew to be parti-  
 ‘ cularly peopled by victims of the  
 ‘ first order in the state. Douxvive  
 ‘ was

' was fired by the impending fate of  
 ' our sister; and as her embarrass-  
 ' ments hourly surrounded her more  
 ' closely, hastened the progress of as-  
 ' fault—We made it one night, and  
 ' failed—but fortunately took Guim-  
 ' piere, who was in possession of the  
 ' keys of several cells in the Castle,  
 ' particularly that of the subterraneous  
 ' dungeon. At the sight of it Mal-  
 ' nor paused, remembered the gloomy  
 ' passage, which with generous tran-  
 ' sport he imparted his resolution to  
 ' explore, and to make the best use of  
 ' the key in attempting the deliver-  
 ' ance of Henry, whose dangerous  
 ' situation was now known to the  
 ' Duke. Our second and more silent  
 ' plan succeeded. Here we are—  
 ' the troubles of our country I have  
 ' reason to suppose are alleviated by  
 ' our exertions. The Duke must be  
 ' recalled:

‘ recalled—Emily, I hope, will recover ; we shall all be happier than we could once expect to be. But the only asylum, in my opinion, for the two Henries, is England.’

‘ I am of your opinion,’ (rejoined the Duke of B\*\*\*\*) ‘ and thither will I accompany them for the present. Louis may manage my fortune and estates—should he do it wisely, I may one day, unexpectedly, prove his friend. My life, at this juncture, is not to be trusted with him or his fawning ministers. Yet, should my country need my assistance, I will be no sluggard. The British are a people impatient of restraint; tenacious of their liberty when you would force it from them; and never enslaved till gently deceived. To counteract this blind docility, and shorten the

‘ du-

‘ duration of its effects, they are  
 ‘ easily inflamed—bold and warlike ;  
 ‘ and frequently, when their rulers  
 ‘ are too proud to play with the fe-  
 ‘ rocity of the million, those rulers  
 ‘ are soon taught to tremble.

‘ King John was a striking proof  
 ‘ of royal imbecility. And the Barons,  
 ‘ at that period, placed the eyes of  
 ‘ Argus round the British constitu-  
 ‘ tion ; so that avowed innovation  
 ‘ never can shake that palladium, nor  
 ‘ can a tyrant sit fast on the throne of  
 ‘ England.’—

On this proposition we could not  
 determine ; we considered it as a new-  
 born idea, distant and immature. To  
 me, particularly, it appeared merely  
 as a suggestion risen to die. I had  
 secretly resolved to struggle with  
 Destiny no more, but to bury myself  
 in



in a cloister for ever. My Father had found his Eleanora: his idea of a monastery, I believe, never after occurred. What had I gained? My happiness eluded me, as I pursued it: it still fled on—I was weary of the fruitless chace. To render me still more dejected, we were informed, the health of Emily continually grew worse; my head became giddy, my pulse rapid, and I took melancholy leave for the night.

I hastened to undress—my spirits were low, and I was no sooner in bed than I became restless, impatient, and burning with the force of memory. I had embittered the draught of life for her I loved! I was languishing for her—she was suffering for me. But pride—female pride was combating her tenderness!—We adore  
refine-

refinement and delicacy in charming woman; yet refinement and delicacy have their torments for more rough, passionate, and absolute man. During the night I tasted but broken slumber, troubled with dreams, of unfathomable gulphs, which seemed to lie between me and Emily. And, weak from prolonged felicity, I awoke. The breakfast-bell rang—I attempted to rise—my frame was weak, my head disordered—I laid down a second time, and sought repose. Alarmed at my absence from the breakfast-parlour, my Father came into my chamber, and enquired of my health. The alteration in which was, by my hectic cheek, sufficiently indicated. I wished my Father not to be discomposed—I could say but little, and that with uneasiness. Even the sound of his voice gave me pain; he perceived

ceived it, and left me. Chimeras, wild as they could be imagined by heated thought, intruded on my mental powers. At intervals Reason repulsed those ridiculous visions; and Reason again flew before them as my delirium returned. Physicians were summoned—Prescriptions multiplied, and I began to think its genealogy eternal.

‘ It is rather afflictive’ (said one of the oldest of those physical philosophers, one day as he looked at his watch) ‘ that gentlemen of the faculty are hardly ever applied to in time—Yaw!—aw—I have been so disturbed the last night, that I declare I am quite drowzy—I cannot refrain from gaping—on so trifling an occasion too.—’

‘ An

‘ An accident, Sir ?’ said my Father’—

‘ Hem—no—I think not—a young  
 ‘ girl had plunged into the river,  
 ‘ was taken out apparently drowned,  
 ‘ and her friends rang, without inter-  
 ‘ mission, at my door from one  
 ‘ o’clock till two.—I was really at  
 ‘ that hour indisposed—yaw—aw—  
 ‘ but I sent my footman.—’

‘ She recovered, I hope, Sir ?’  
 said my Father earnestly.—

‘ Yes, yes, she is living—But my  
 ‘ servant declares she is insane—for  
 ‘ she talks of being forsaken—and  
 ‘ mentions me—I positively must not  
 ‘ have my reputation trifled with—  
 ‘ These females !—when they get  
 ‘ whims in the head—But, as I was  
 ‘ before



‘ before remarking, Sir—Yaw—gentlemen should apply in time. Our art may assist Nature—we never can restore the vital power when decayed.—’

‘ Decayed, Sir!—decayed!’ replied my Father sternly.

‘ Know you not’ (replied the Esculapian, taking hold of my Father’s button) — ‘ Hem — that the quantum of entity may comparatively be too small for that certain number of corpuscles which it is meant to animate, enliven, and fill with motion?—When it so happens, the whole mass, which is composed of crowded atoms, can move but sluggishly for its given time—the vital spirit seldom peeps through it; and, at last, instead of keeping it in  
‘ motion,

‘ motion, heavy and ponderous as  
‘ it is!—that very same spirit resigns  
‘ its inadequate force, and goes to  
‘ sleep!—positively goes to sleep,  
‘ Sir!’

‘ But my son, Sir!’—

‘ O, Sir!—I do not pretend to  
‘ say that is the gentleman’s case—  
‘ no, Sir; very far from it—I only  
‘ mean, Sir, to elucidate the very  
‘ end of being—Hem—in contra-  
‘ distinction to what I have so per-  
‘ spicuously described, it may hap-  
‘ pen, in some bodies, that the  
‘ animating spirit of vitality is too  
‘ strong and vivid for the number  
‘ of corpuscles with which it is in a  
‘ mass cloathed, or surrounded—  
‘ then, Sir, does that spirit burst  
‘ forth, and burn with such avidity,  
‘ that

‘ that its furrounding mafs soon be-  
‘ comes a duft.’

‘ This cafe is more remote than  
‘ the other, Sir—Henry—

‘ Pardon me, Sir, I think this may be  
‘ a little nearer—As I wifh to make  
‘ myfelf underftood, either by my pa-  
‘ tient or his friends, I muft add, that  
‘ whether the material atoms are fo  
‘ heated that they fly off, or fo cold  
‘ that they freeze, or fo wearied that  
‘ they difobey, it is the fame thing in  
‘ phyfics; the fpirit of entity muft,  
‘ after a given term, lie inert, go to  
‘ fleep, or go out—juft the fame  
‘ thing in phyfics.

“ O, Eriſtratus! \* How much bet-  
‘ ter

\* Sappho is faid to have deſcribed the ſymp-  
toms attending the paſſion of love in fo cloſe  
and

“ter didst thou know the disease of  
“young Antiochus!”

I uttered this exclamation so audibly, that both the reverend gentlemen turned round in a hurry.—

‘Henry, are you worse?’ (said my Father tenderly) ‘Good Heaven!—  
‘should I now lose you!—’

“I am better, Sir—but, with the  
“physician’s leave, would sleep a  
“little.”

‘Right—very proper—the effect  
‘of the anodyne; must *mem.* that.’

and lively a manner, that Eristratus, the physician, discovered the secret malady of the Prince Antiochus, merely by studying this distemper under her description.—So sensibly poignant was Sappho!

After



After ordering an ill-adapted prescription, this garrulous gentleman, to my great satisfaction, departed. And an attendant entered to inform us of the arrival of the faithful Fisherman and his family, who had been conducted by the domestics of Dorovontes. I could not see them; I wished to be alone. The eloquence of the physician had so chimed on my nerves, that I trembled in the bed like a mouse in the paw of a cat. But I desired my Father, as he went out, to carry them my good wishes; particularly, and somewhat pathetically, I commended the blooming Lydia to my Mother's protection: for ill as I was the care I had taken of Lydia and myself, in descending the jagged hill, had endeared her to my remembrance.

Highly disinterested had been the obligation bestowed by the Fisherman on my Father, and bountifully did the latter express himself; not so as to cancel the record, but to embellish it with gratitude. A commodious dwelling was taken near us for this worthy family. The children were educated, and the father was relieved from labour.

Five weeks had elapsed since the departure of Dorovontes—three of which I had been in bed, and grew weaker daily; yet my intellects were perfect, nor did I feel much pain except strong spasms intermittingly near my heart. Emily, I feared, from the whispers round me, was in danger—I endeavoured to prepare myself for the worst, and complained no more. Dorovontes was now expected

ed by my friends—my Mother seldom left me; her softened melancholy affected me; and, at intervals, for her sake I wished to live. How difficult is it for the mind to break loose from objects long beloved? My life had been spent in this conflict; I felt I had not been victorious—the idea of separation was painful! The more, as I feared my existence would not be prolonged enough for me to bid Dorovontes an everlasting adieu. That worthy man however arrived, and with him came the aged Malnor, his son, and the helpless orphan of Anna and Antonio.

Dorovontes, on entering my apartment, stood speechless with astonishment and affliction. I was much altered, much reduced, but I welcomed him with a smile which sincerely de-

clared my heart chearful. I was, at that moment, so revived, that I attempted to rise, but fell back, yet I would not part with my visitant; but, supported by pillows, earnestly prayed him to relate the success of his journey.

“ Were you in time, my dear friend, to encourage the spirit of your Father?”

‘ I was not—my Father expired a few hours before my arrival. His fortunes devolve on me by will as an expiation for my Maria, whose name trembled on his dying lips! —may the power of eternal Mercy receive his repenting soul!—O, Henry! what would I not do to recover you? You are young—try to look forward and live.’

“ Come,



“ Come, sit by me—you must be  
 “ more explicit, and tell me where  
 “ you found our deliverers, Malnor  
 “ and his father.”

‘ At your request I steered my  
 ‘ course towards their dwellings :  
 ‘ nothing extraordinary occurred till  
 ‘ I arrived there, but you will be  
 ‘ amazed when informed, that your  
 ‘ old friend Roderique, alias Granf-  
 ‘ dine, was there before me.’

The very name of that villain  
 made me start ; I had nearly forgot-  
 ten him. Dorovontes smiled at my  
 emotion—I begged him to proceed.

‘ I was personally unknown to  
 ‘ Granfsdine : this was of no impor-  
 ‘ tance ; my design was to serve your  
 ‘ friends and I steadily meant to be

M 3

‘ bold

' bold and familiar in their affairs,  
 ' and to protect them from injury.  
 ' Young Malnor, we were informed,  
 ' was somewhere in the forest di-  
 ' verting his little niece, of whom, his  
 ' father informed us, he was grown  
 ' extremely fond, though he would  
 ' frequently look at her with tears  
 ' in his eyes, and mourn the mother  
 ' in the child.

' Gransdine saluted me with much  
 ' politeness and distant ceremony. I  
 ' gave him to understand that the  
 ' welfare of this humble and virtu-  
 ' ous family would interest me, and  
 ' we conversed like gentlemen who  
 ' wished to prepossess each other with  
 ' a sense of our consequence, and  
 ' our morality. This desire appear-  
 ' ed to be reciprocal, and I permit-  
 ' ed Gransdine to begin his own  
 ' picture

‘ picture first, expecting he would  
 ‘ take most time in finishing.

‘ ‘ The pious purposes’ (said he) ‘ of  
 ‘ those who leave the world, should be  
 ‘ held sacred. That man who is inat-  
 ‘ tentive to the voice of the dead, is not  
 ‘ only ungrateful, but sacrilegious;  
 ‘ for my own part, I know not a  
 ‘ greater pleasure, than that which  
 ‘ arises from the desire of perpetuat-  
 ‘ ing, I may add, of immortalising  
 ‘ the memory of the friend we love  
 ‘ even in death.—Exalted!—truly  
 ‘ exalted gratification!—to share the  
 ‘ confidence even of his departed  
 ‘ Spirit.—Pardon me, Sir, my tears  
 ‘ will not be concealed—he was to  
 ‘ me, indeed a brother! To me he  
 ‘ has entrusted the performance of  
 ‘ his bequests, when uncertain whe-  
 ‘ ther he should be in a state to up-

' braid me, should I through the  
 ' feebleness of Nature, have failed in  
 ' my duty. Here, Sir,' (taking a pa-  
 per from his pocket) ' are no obliga-  
 ' tions laid on me, but what I may  
 ' discharge with benefit and affluence  
 ' to the parties concerned, and with  
 ' the most religious and heavenly  
 ' satisfaction to my own mind. Con-  
 ' duct, like this, Sir, makes us for-  
 ' get the mean enjoyments of the  
 ' world: we are raised above mer-  
 ' cenary views, and the whole man  
 ' seems animated beyond the grovel-  
 ' ling part of his species!

' You certainly, Sir, are warmed  
 ' with your subject—'

' Your observation is very just,  
 ' Sir—I am, in this testimony, em-  
 ' powered to receive, protect and  
 ' educate



‘ educate the daughter of my late  
‘ brother Antonio.’

‘ I am not surprised, Sir—the task  
‘ is pleasing and noble; the Spirit of  
‘ your brother may now be near us,  
‘ and blessing the generous protector  
‘ of his child, pray oblige me, Sir,  
‘ with the perusal of that paper.’—

‘ Most assured, Sir—He who acts  
‘ with probity, invites investigation;  
‘ I have never known but one trustee  
‘ of an opposite opinion, and even  
‘ then, exquisite sensibility in shrink-  
‘ ing from the touch of Justice, was  
‘ by a merciful public deemed a foi-  
‘ ble: I shall therefore rise above  
‘ such weakness—I, Sir, am no such  
‘ trustee.’

M 5

‘ I took

‘ I took the paper respectfully  
 ‘ from the hand of Grandfdine, and  
 ‘ read, whilst poor old Malnor look-  
 ‘ ed as if he could have eat me with  
 ‘ his eyes.’

‘ In the presence of our holy Vir-  
 ‘ gin, Mother of the Creator—In the  
 ‘ presence of the Son and Father—  
 ‘ In the presence of all the Saints  
 ‘ and all the Martyrs—In the pre-  
 ‘ sence of Angels, Archangels, Pri-  
 ‘ cipalities, and Powers of Heaven.  
 ‘ —I, Antonio de Forbes, — day of  
 ‘ — being in full health, of per-  
 ‘ fect understanding, and charged  
 ‘ with my elder brother Grandfdine,  
 ‘ de Forbes, to depart on a secret  
 ‘ service for the benefit of the State,  
 ‘ do hereby appoint my said brother  
 ‘ Grandfdine de Forbes sole heir to  
 ‘ the Castle of —, together with  
 ‘ its

' its surrounding domains, with the  
 ' goods and chattels thereon. He,  
 ' the above-mentioned Gransdine,  
 ' paying from the profits and accu-  
 ' mulations arising from my estates,  
 ' five hundred livres per annum to  
 ' my beloved wife, Anna de Forbes,  
 ' for and during her natural life,  
 ' and to her heirs for ever : moreover  
 ' should the first child of my dear  
 ' Anna prove to be a daughter,  
 ' then, in case of survivorship on the  
 ' part of my brother, and that my-  
 ' self and my wife depart this life  
 ' leaving a daughter, I bequeath  
 ' that daughter to the care of my  
 ' brother Gransdine de Forbes, to  
 ' be by him protected and sent for  
 ' education to the convent of —, he  
 ' paying her the said sum of five  
 ' hundred livres from the day of  
 ' the date hereof, for and during the

M. 6. ' term:

' term of her natural life, and to her  
 ' heirs for ever. Should the first  
 ' child of Anna de Forbes prove to  
 ' be a son, then, shall this will and  
 ' testament in behalf of my brother  
 ' be for ever null and void ; such son  
 ' existing in my right, sole heir to  
 ' the Castle of — together with all  
 ' my estates.

Witness my hand,

ANTONIO DE FORBES.

' Ah ! my brother ! exclaimed  
 ' this compassionate gentlemen, dry-  
 ' ing his eyes with his handkerchief  
 ' —Ah my generous Antonio ! I will  
 ' indeed prove a father to thy child !  
 ' I will form her mind to virtue—I  
 ' will behold her as a treasure be-  
 ' queathed me by thee ! I feel my  
 ' heart



‘ heart attaching itself to the helpless  
 ‘ orphan—Bring her to me, good  
 ‘ Malnor—Where is she? I do not  
 ‘ see her with you—quick let me  
 ‘ bear her to a happier situation—my  
 ‘ carriage waits, my attendants are at  
 ‘ the door.’

‘ Nanellé’ (said old Malnor, to a  
 clean matron who entered the room,)  
 ‘ this gentleman is come to carry  
 ‘ away our little Marimette. Have I  
 ‘ not lost enough?—they take a deal  
 ‘ of trouble to break the heart of an  
 ‘ old man.’

‘ Yes, I suppose,’ (replied Nan-  
 nellé) ‘ Marimette is going to the  
 ‘ Castle, but then I must go with  
 ‘ her. I’ll step and fetch the direc-  
 ‘ tion, it lies in my coffer—I kept it  
 ‘ very

‘ very safe, since it was copied by  
 ‘ the lawyer.’

‘ Without waiting for restraint or  
 ‘ approbation, Nannellé hastily left  
 ‘ the room, and soon returned with  
 ‘ the direction from her coffer—it  
 ‘ was sanctified by the seal of the un-  
 ‘ fortunate Antonio.

‘ I ran over it in a cursory manner,  
 ‘ and was diverted with the novelty  
 ‘ of the scene; addressed myself to  
 ‘ Gransdine, with more pleasure  
 ‘ than I had felt since I entered the  
 ‘ house.

‘ I meant to congratulate you, Sir,  
 ‘ on so valuable an acquisition, but  
 ‘ find little Marimette must receive  
 ‘ my best compliments.—Gransdine  
 ‘ looked angry.

‘ I hold:

‘ I hold the will of Antonio in my  
‘ hand, Sir, its date is subsequent to  
‘ that you have produced, of course  
‘ Marimette may boast of good for-  
‘ tune.’

‘ I have put in my claim, Sir, and  
‘ will make it good. Till the cause  
‘ is decided, I shall take care of the  
‘ child.—Where is she, old man?’

‘ Gransdine spoke with a frown.  
‘ At that moment young Malnor re-  
‘ turned from his walk in the forest,  
‘ leading Marimette in his hand. He  
‘ blushed at the sight of Gransdine;  
‘ who advancing in sullenness towards  
‘ the child, would have led her to  
‘ his carriage; but Marimette started  
‘ back and ran to her grandfire,  
‘ whose heart was more in sympathy  
‘ with her own.

‘ Young

‘ Young Malnor was at a pause.  
 ‘ Hé could not rightly understand  
 ‘ this scene—I explained it to him,  
 ‘ and mentioned Gransdine with  
 ‘ more charity than he deserved;  
 ‘ but Malnor remembered his sister.  
 ‘ ter.’

‘ I am a soldier, Sir, said he to  
 ‘ Gransdine, and the brother of Anna  
 ‘ whom you destroyed. Know me by  
 ‘ no other term—if you dare to presume  
 ‘ on your relationship to that  
 ‘ child, be assured she will soon be  
 ‘ taught to despise a villain.

‘ A villain! (replied Gransdine  
 fiercely, putting his hand to his sword)  
 ‘ despicable fool! Did not the meanness  
 ‘ of thy birth preserve thee from  
 ‘ honourable vengeance, thou wouldst  
 ‘ fall a sacrifice to thy own presumption  
 ‘ tion



' tion. Behold the hoary head of thy  
 ' Father; for his sake, and for thy  
 ' own, learn prudence and humility  
 ' —for if thou darest to awaken me  
 ' to revenge, I will brush ye all from  
 ' the earth, as reptiles created to  
 ' teize mankind. D——n! Is one  
 ' of the nobleſſe of France to be thus  
 ' insulted by a clown?—Hoa! with-  
 ' out there.—'

' Hold Sir,' (ſaid I calmly) ' com-  
 ' mand not your ſervants to enter.—  
 ' I am your equal in all you deem  
 ' honourable; and in my turn muſt not  
 ' be intruded on, nor insulted by  
 ' your menials—Depart immediately.  
 ' Dare not the injured—Justice ſits  
 ' on that young man's ſword; and  
 ' the regard I have for you as a fellow-  
 ' creature, is to adviſe you to avoid  
 ' him. The claims you falſely ſtate  
 must

‘ must fall, I will take care they shall  
‘ never wrong that helpless orphan.  
‘ —But as you have already crimes  
‘ enough on your remembrance to  
‘ ask the atonement of an age, let  
‘ me warn you to return, and me-  
‘ ditate on them. Think justly of  
‘ yourself, and you will hate the  
‘ sun that shines on innocence ; you  
‘ will burn impatiently through the  
‘ night, and wish for morning, that  
‘ never can bring peace or happiness  
‘ for you ; never can human nature  
‘ feel truly degraded, but by labour-  
‘ ing to conceal a guilty soul, like  
‘ yours.—Return—return—nor add  
‘ to the weight.

‘ Who are you ? Are my purposes  
‘ to be blown away with your breath ?  
‘ Insolent mimicry.—The child shall  
‘ shall go with me.’—

‘ Grant-

‘ Granfdine, wild and ferocious in  
 ‘ all his paffions, rushed through  
 ‘ the house, and commanded his fer-  
 ‘ vants to feize Marimette, and con-  
 ‘ vey her forcibly into the carriage.  
 ‘ Malnor followed him, and I fol-  
 ‘ lowed Malnor. The attendants  
 ‘ stood appalled; their fwords were  
 ‘ drawn—but I bad them, on their  
 ‘ peril, not to endanger their own  
 ‘ lives, as the chancellor Le Tellier  
 ‘ would decide on the violations of  
 ‘ the law. I was unarmed; and  
 ‘ whilst expoftulating with thefe com-  
 ‘ panions of Granfdine, I perceived  
 ‘ he made a thruft at Malnor, which  
 ‘ muft have been fatal had not the  
 ‘ latter parried it with wonderful a-  
 ‘ gility.’

‘ Thank heaven,’ (faid Malnor)  
 ‘ you invite me to avenge your bro-  
 ‘ ther!’

‘ Enflamed

' Enflamed with passion, and eager  
 ' to fate it, they fought like men  
 ' who had set all upon a stroke.—  
 ' Gransdine, wilful and barbarous,  
 ' took every advantage. The sting  
 ' of pride was in his heart; enve-  
 ' nomed malice shot from his eyes;  
 ' the more difficulty he found to con-  
 ' quer the son of virtuous poverty,  
 ' the more savage he became in  
 ' thirsting for his life. Malnor was  
 ' a soldier, inured to injury, mar-  
 ' tialled into skilful courage, and  
 ' taught to face undauntedly the cruel  
 ' onset of foes and Fortune. It was  
 ' not surprising he long remained un-  
 ' conquered; but I was astonished to  
 ' see him parry, instead of advanc-  
 ' ing. Gransdine found himself tri-  
 ' fled with, grew resolute in murder,  
 ' and observing Malnor smile, threw  
 ' himself forward to reach his heart,  
 ' but



‘ but received the sword of Malnor  
 ‘ in his bosom. He fell, and owned  
 ‘ the justice of his fate.

‘ Malnor applied his handkerchief  
 ‘ to the wound of his adversary ; we  
 ‘ surrounded him as he lay, but he  
 ‘ requested us not to feel uneasy at so  
 ‘ trifling an event. To his atten-  
 ‘ dants he bequeathed large legacies;  
 ‘ and, after solemnly enjoining them  
 ‘ to witness his last acts of expiation  
 (as he termed them) ‘ to Malnor and  
 ‘ myself, he spake in a different  
 ‘ style.’

‘ The mask is off me—millions  
 ‘ will wear it when I am gone. Give  
 ‘ me your hand, young Malnor;—  
 ‘ The chance has been against me,  
 ‘ but you have little cause to tri-  
 ‘ umph; your passiveness is, in my  
 ‘ estima-

‘ estimation, a crime; since you would  
 ‘ constitutionally have been as tardy  
 ‘ in fighting for your friend, as for  
 ‘ yourself.—’

‘ Friendship, I hope, makes no  
 ‘ man inhuman’ (said Malnor sorrowfully).

‘ I have no time to argue—take  
 ‘ my language as it rises—dying men  
 ‘ are generally sincere, sometimes  
 ‘ not so. I hurried through life impetuously, it suited my disposition,  
 ‘ I know not why—have rather chose  
 ‘ to arrive at my point by intrigue,  
 ‘ than by candour—no matter—my  
 ‘ plans have set the plans of others  
 ‘ working, and kept them in play—  
 ‘ So far have I been useful—as I  
 ‘ lived, I will die. To whine away  
 ‘ my last hour in supplicating the  
 ‘ pity

‘ pity and commiseration of creatures  
 ‘ of my own kind — creatures who  
 ‘ can neither relieve me or them-  
 ‘ selves, but in fancy; to appeal to  
 ‘ their softer passions, their credulity  
 ‘ and superstition, who are equally  
 ‘ bewildered, would be idle for one  
 ‘ who despises human opinion.—  
 ‘ Mark me!—I dissolve, as a piece  
 ‘ of matter animated for a certain  
 ‘ season; not perfect, nor even use-  
 ‘ ful towards some purposes: towards  
 ‘ others I have been needful;—so  
 ‘ will you find matter through the  
 ‘ universe. That I did not possess  
 ‘ the woman I loved, I regret—my  
 ‘ regret will not make that woman  
 ‘ unhappy: it will rather add to her  
 ‘ satisfaction. Thus will she prove  
 ‘ her ideas to be selfish as mine; ori-  
 ‘ ginating from and moving by the  
 ‘ same principle of self-love. My  
 3 avarice

' avarice I justify, as the means of  
 ' procuring pleasure. When did any  
 ' man despise the latter, though he  
 ' woos it in different disguise? Some  
 ' hope to purchase it in sackcloth,  
 ' others by fasting; many by flagil-  
 ' lation, and a few have even burn-  
 ' ed at the stake with the hope of  
 ' reward. I would do neither—I  
 ' have broken all human law, have  
 ' violated all tenets, and go out of  
 ' life laughing at human virtue.—  
 ' Malnor—my Father is no more, I  
 ' am the last of the De Forbes—To  
 ' thee I give my estates.—]

' Ranigentes, an elderly man, whom  
 ' we imagined to be steward of  
 ' Granddine, approached his dying  
 ' master; the tears ran down his  
 ' cheeks—

' Weep



‘ Weep not for me—Write, and  
 ‘ remember my bequest to Malnor.  
 ‘ —To thee I give four thousand  
 ‘ livres per annum—think me not  
 ‘ generous in disposing of wealth I  
 ‘ can no longer enjoy.’

‘ After making other arrangements  
 ‘ in favour of some other friends  
 ‘ and attendants, he fainted. Malnor  
 ‘ raised him from the earth, support-  
 ‘ ed his heavy head—life lingered  
 ‘ along his veins ; his eyes seemed to  
 ‘ roll in search of light, though ex-  
 ‘ posed to the sun’s effulgence.’

‘ Yet—yet—O, my Emily ! why  
 ‘ did I behold thee ! How wonder-  
 ‘ fully didst thou harden my heart—  
 ‘ fatal effect of superior innocence !  
 ‘ despised by thee—I hated the world  
 ‘ —Thou couldst have led me back

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‘ from

‘ from the path I had newly entered  
 ‘ —Thou alone couldst have soften-  
 ‘ ed and charmed my fiery spirit.—  
 ‘ Farewell—Dear involuntary de-  
 ‘ stroyer — farewell — wherever thou  
 ‘ art may bliss await thee!—Anna!  
 ‘ —Antonio!—why are you here?  
 ‘ Why do you press on my bosom?  
 ‘ Rise—I cannot breathe.— Take  
 ‘ them off!—Henry still laughs—  
 ‘ still looks up from the awful ca-  
 ‘ verns of the great deep. He beck-  
 ‘ ons me to come down—down—  
 ‘ a descent unfathomable!—mercy!  
 ‘ —mercy!—Emil—’

‘ Thus violently agitated by phan-  
 ‘ toms of dying thought, he breath-  
 ‘ ed as I stooped to comfort him, his  
 ‘ last sigh in my face—It was colder  
 ‘ than the northern blast!—Unfor-  
 ‘ tunate Gransdine—victim of early  
 ‘ habit,

‘ habit, and the prey of devouring  
 ‘ passion—who would pursue thy  
 ‘ pleasures to taste thy expiring an-  
 ‘ guish?—We will dwell on this me-  
 ‘ lancholy tale no longer—you are  
 ‘ affected, Henry.—’

“ I am, Dorovontes ; you have  
 “ brought the past, the lively, gay, im-  
 “ petuous Gransdine, as I first saw him,  
 “ as I first feared him, engaging in  
 “ conversation ; ardent yet elegant  
 “ in manner, and secretly daring to  
 “ a fault. Dead !—No more to be  
 “ seen—No more to move or act !  
 “ nor even to be heard in any part  
 “ of the creation ! What a change !  
 “ Where is that mind—where the  
 “ powers that could invisibly plan  
 “ and execute horrible purposes.—I  
 “ am full of conjecture—full of  
 “ doubt ; and when shall I penetrate

“ the more expanded and brighter  
 “ orb of truth ? Nature herself ap-  
 “ pears to be but in a dream. All  
 “ her objects brittle ; tending to dis-  
 “ solution from the moment of their  
 “ being. —Poor Gransdine !—What  
 “ art thou now ?—what shall I  
 “ quickly be ?—what will that love-  
 “ ly object be, whose beauties operate  
 “ so fatally ?”

‘ Heavens ! Henry ! you will go  
 ‘ mad. Leave fruitless enquiry to  
 ‘ fearful and cowardly minds ; fa-  
 ‘ tisfied with yourself, no change can  
 ‘ affect you. I did not expect to  
 ‘ find you feeble from gloomy idea  
 ‘ —I could make comparisons on  
 ‘ your fate and mine, but compari-  
 ‘ son is generally the comfort of the  
 ‘ pusillanimous.’

“ Emily



“ Emily is never to be mine.  
 “ Dorovontes, I must forget her ;  
 “ yet she steals between Heaven and  
 “ me !—Reason with her, when I  
 “ am gone, say I loved her as de-  
 “ licately as human Nature would  
 “ allow, and suspected her when  
 “ blinded and damped by misfor-  
 “ tune. It is difficult, very diffi-  
 “ cult to rise superior to surround-  
 “ ing appearances : how guarded,  
 “ how watchful must that man be  
 “ who can do it in every trial ? I  
 “ could have pardoned many errors  
 “ in Emily—No—It is false—I am  
 “ breathing detested falsehood—I ex-  
 “ cused her in nothing—I left her  
 “ no time to explain her guiltless  
 “ motives, I condemned her preci-  
 “ pitately—no matter. This strug-  
 “ gling heart will soon be at rest—  
 “ I am sick—good Heaven ! How

“ long must I lie lingering out the  
“ spark of life?”

My Father entered the room, followed by old Malnor and his son; they were worn with affliction, of which we had all experienced a full share.

The first glance I caught from the old man, convinced me, he was the person who, more than six years since, had met Emily and myself in her Father's park on a summer-morning. I questioned him, and found my supposition true. His head was grown much whiter; Sorrow had made her impressions deeper on his cheek, which yet retained the faint bloom of rural purity. How different were my ideas that morning to those now labouring in my riper, and  
more

more tumultuous mind ? How little did I then think of causing so much misery to this harmless old man !— But we are blind instruments of bliss and woe to each other, far as the invisible line of existence can go. I held his hand in mine—he wept—and talked of Anna !—I was not so highly polished as to affect indifference, and call it fortitude—I wept with him.

‘ O, Sir ! when the aged lose their  
 ‘ children, they decay very swiftly—  
 ‘ I seem to have been travelling with  
 ‘ redoubled speed to the grave, since  
 ‘ Anna welcomes me no more. I  
 ‘ know not how it is, but I am quite  
 ‘ weary.—’

“ Look at your little Marimette,  
 “ my good friend, she will find an

“ asylum in your bosom. You will  
 “ watch the expansion of her reason  
 “ with delight. Age is mild and  
 “ tender, it beholds the faults of  
 “ youth with pity and benevolence.  
 “ You will prove a blessing to Mari-  
 “ mette ; in living for the child you  
 “ will best love the memory of the  
 “ mother. I thank you for preserv-  
 “ ing mine—my Father thanks you,  
 “ we will all love you, we will love  
 “ your Malnor, and your Marimette  
 “ —thus surrounded by your friends,  
 “ the wounds of Memory will heal.”

‘ Ah ! poor lady ! I never expected  
 ‘ to see her so happy—after your Fa-  
 ‘ ther, and my dear Malnor was  
 ‘ dragged away from us by the hard-  
 ‘ hearted soldiers, I stood looking at  
 ‘ her ; not knowing which way to  
 ‘ turn, I was astounded and grieved :  
 ‘ it



‘ it was a piteous sight to see her  
 ‘ lying on the cold earth. It may  
 ‘ be, said I to myself, she is not  
 ‘ quite gone—None of my family  
 ‘ have been remarked for barbarity;  
 ‘ I will not be the first; so saying, I  
 ‘ raised her head a little, and sat  
 ‘ down by her, resolving to wait till  
 ‘ morning. The night was cold;  
 ‘ not a sound to be heard in the  
 ‘ wood, but the wind that seemed to  
 ‘ be alive, and to whistle melancholy  
 ‘ tunes among the trees.

‘ Many a man in the world, I  
 ‘ warrant me,’ (said I) ‘ are travel-  
 ‘ ling at this dark hour through  
 ‘ wildernesses and deserts, having  
 ‘ nothing but the leaves to cover  
 ‘ them. Aye, and many are lying  
 ‘ in damp and dismal prisons forgot-  
 ‘ ten. To be sure it will soon be

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‘ day.

' day-break—Sure enough, when I  
 ' cast my eyes up, I saw a streak of  
 ' light, peeping, as it were, just be-  
 ' tween the earth and sky—I was  
 ' glad.—And perhaps I need not be  
 ' glad, I thought again, for I shall  
 ' be taken up as the murderer.—  
 ' Well—let it be.

' As I mourned on, I heard some  
 ' voices; the mistiness kept me from  
 ' seeing any person; I waited pati-  
 ' ently—They were the voices of  
 ' some country women who came up  
 ' with market wares.—

' Stop! Stop!' (said I) ' here is  
 ' a lady killed by some soldiers, I  
 ' have twenty pistoles which her  
 ' lord privately gave me, I will give  
 ' them all amongst you if you will  
 ' assist

‘ assist me in conveying her to some  
‘ house.

‘ The poor women were as much  
‘ frightened as myself—they turned  
‘ pale as the very ashes, especially  
‘ one of them, who seemed to be  
‘ quicker-thoughted than the others.  
‘ She alighted in a moment from her  
‘ little meagre horse; and, snatching  
‘ a small jar of wine from the pan-  
‘ nier, poured a few drops into the  
‘ lady’s mouth; her lips were almost  
‘ blue as the violet, her fine eyes were  
‘ not quite closed, and through their  
‘ long brown lashes, we could yet  
‘ discern their light—but she could  
‘ not swallow—the wine only made  
‘ a gurgling noise in her throat. Ah!  
‘ (said I) it is too late!’—

‘ I am afraid so’ (replied the good

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‘ woman,

‘ woman, who was very anxious and  
 ‘ very kind) ‘ but, I think’ (taking  
 the hand of the lady) ‘ I have some  
 ‘ how a doubting whether she be  
 ‘ quite gone.’ ‘ And, from her doubt-  
 ‘ ing, to be sure, we all began to  
 ‘ hope, and to double our attention.  
 ‘ Her companions hurried off their  
 ‘ cloaks, wrapped the lady up warm,  
 ‘ and in about twenty minutes or so,  
 ‘ we could plainly perceive her pulse  
 ‘ began to beat faintly.’

‘ Lord! Lord! if you can but  
 ‘ save her!’ (said I) ‘ and I was  
 ‘ ready to dance with joy—(but sud-  
 ‘ denly taking a thought of my poor  
 ‘ Malnor, and my poor Anna, I was  
 ‘ ready again to lie down and die!)  
 ‘ those who are blessed with charity  
 ‘ will be rewarded a hundred fold!’

‘ The



‘ The women smiled at my earnest  
 ‘ manner of complimenting, and  
 ‘ thanking them, but neither would  
 ‘ take the pistoles;’ ‘because’ (said  
 they) ‘master, you are not richer  
 ‘ than ourselves, and we are as ready  
 ‘ to do our duty as you are.’ ‘To  
 ‘ make short of my story, Sir, the  
 ‘ good lady your mother, recovered  
 ‘ by swift degrees, so that we were  
 ‘ enabled to place her in a small cart,  
 ‘ and slowly convey her back through  
 ‘ the wood to a comfortable dwell-  
 ‘ ling; from whence I departed, but  
 ‘ found not Anna!—’

Tears broke the narrative of old af-  
 flicted Malnor, the tedious recital of  
 which oppressed my weaker mind.  
 In faltering accents I bad him be  
 comforted, and turned my face a-  
 way; assured the prospect of life was  
 fading

fading from me. But I had forgot young Malnor, who immediately walked round to the opposite side of my bed, as if sensibly affected by my apparent neglect—I looked up at him, and was ashamed to see him disconcerted.

‘ I am a foldier, Sir,’—(said he with a modesty that increased his manly beauty—his features resembled those of his sister, his timidity threw him back upon himself.)

“ I know you are, my young  
“ friend—you are also my deli-  
“ verer.——”

‘ Yes, Sir—I am not used to fa-  
‘ shion my discourse, I know no  
‘ modes whereby I may set gracefulness on grief—I am a foldier, not  
‘ wordy, but rough in sorrow, and  
‘ perhaps

‘ perhaps unintelligible to thousands  
 ‘ —our very business is to die ! When  
 ‘ a comrade falls, we push on to  
 ‘ avenge him, and smile to see his  
 ‘ enemy die upon his bosom. But  
 ‘ here, Sir, the preparation for death  
 ‘ seems to me more awful than the  
 ‘ stroke !’

“ It is ever so, Malnor, in a sick  
 “ chamber—no man can die with  
 “ firmness whilst his friends are  
 “ weeping over him ; they excite the  
 “ pity they mean to bestow.”

‘ And is not that a fault, Sir ?’—

“ Politeness tells you, no—Polite-  
 “ ness never forgets itself, my friend ;  
 “ eternally striving to look amiable,  
 “ you must believe it is so.”

‘ You

‘ You look exceedingly ill, Sir—  
 ‘ how much better you looked when  
 ‘ I saw you first in the Castle of  
 ‘ M——.’

“ My health is much worse.—”

‘ I hope, Sir, you will soon be as  
 ‘ well as you were then ! Never give  
 ‘ credit to the self-willed folk, who  
 ‘ fain would tell your fortune ; come  
 ‘ what will, ’tis nothing to them—  
 ‘ you are very ill ! I have not shed a  
 ‘ tear since I visited the grave that  
 ‘ holds Antonio and my sister—  
 ‘ but—’

“ Do not grieve—bring Marimette  
 “ —she must be grown—the morn-  
 “ ing of her life was clouded.”

Marimette was led in, she was the  
 miniature



miniature of Anna, love-inspiring from Nature, and expressive from Innocence.

“Beauty like this” (addressing myself to Malnor, and placing her hand in his) “will need the ægis of Minerva; be you what Henry would have been—Keep off the rapacious spoiler, till the dignity of the female soul is mature enough to teach him reverence.”

“Allow me to share your sacred charge, Henry—In Marimette I will lose the remembrance of my sorrows, and remember you” (replied Dorovontes, before Malnor could have time to recollect himself.)

“Be it so, my valuable friend, her relatives will trust her with you,

“as

“ as most capable of enlarging her  
 “ ideas, of teaching her to com-  
 “ pare the bold, vast, and mysterious  
 “ assuming of the creative Power,  
 “ far as it is visible, of teaching her  
 “ to acknowledge its awful superi-  
 “ ority over the mind of man, and  
 “ of rejecting the pigmy vanity that  
 “ would prescribe it laws—blest, as  
 “ she stands with feminine grace, bid  
 “ her value the public voice; the  
 “ fame of woman is *found only within*  
 “ *the pale of order*; it throws a lustre  
 “ on society; it will ever be adored  
 “ by man, as the idol of his general  
 “ happiness; it fills the lonely hovel  
 “ with confidence and peace. Pro-  
 “ tect her, Dorovontes—and some-  
 “ times think me near—”

My voice failed, my language ceas-  
 ed to convey a connected meaning;  
 my

my friends were alarmed, but observed a profound silence ; and, unaware to myself, I fell into sound sleep. In this insensible state I lay long, and awoke somewhat revived. My parents were watching me as I breathed. The Count de Marfan was in tears, every person spoke in whispers ; but no one spoke to me. I dreaded to ask the last important question—I feared to feel more than I had already suffered on Emily’s account, so dastardly was I grown by having been too deeply tortured. After viewing the disconsolate group for some minutes, with hopeless and enquiring eyes, I exerted my best forces, and appealed to the Father of Emily.

“ Why this solemn delay, Count ;

“ can you be desirous of retarding the

“ moment of my departure ? Can you

“ suppose

“ suppose there is an object in life  
 “ capable of stamping a value on it  
 “ for me? No; my world was Emily!  
 “ You weep at her name—I have  
 “ forgotten to weep!—Seal my irre-  
 “ vocable fate—or say she breathes.  
 “ Only whisper that consolation, and  
 “ I shall rest in peace. If she lives,  
 “ allow me to take a last farewell.  
 “ The guiltless hours we have toge-  
 “ ther spent, the sorrows we have to-  
 “ gether known—the sacred regard I  
 “ have ever felt, notwithstanding my  
 “ fatal suspicion, claim at least the  
 “ cold civility of dying friendship! Go  
 “ —request her to see me. Let me  
 “ receive her forgiveness—it is all she  
 “ can bestow, all I can accept. And  
 “ if my few remaining moments may  
 “ be cheered by her indulgence, will  
 “ Emily embitter them? I must, I  
 “ will, wish her a long good night.”

‘ It



“It is you I mourn, dear Henry,”  
 (replied the Count) “Emily lives,  
 ‘has repeatedly enquired if you were  
 ‘in existence; no other accents have  
 ‘passed her lips.’

“Is it possible her heart can be  
 “frozen! Is it possible she can be  
 “implacable, and behold me die.”

‘Her happiness depends on her will,  
 ‘not on mine. I hope much from her  
 ‘native generosity—I have ever found  
 ‘her full of affection, tenderness and  
 ‘pity; the rougher passions, if she  
 ‘has them, are so corrected, or they  
 ‘sleep so deeply in her bosom, that  
 ‘they give her no pain, nor cause  
 ‘pain to others. We will prevail on  
 ‘her to see you.’

“I ask no more—but hope it will  
 “be soon.”—

True as the thermometer to the weather, was my heart to the influence of Emily. Only to hear she was recovering, awakened all my hopes; every pulse acquired motion; my wishes were born again — I could not die.—Renovated with youth and love, I was preserved; and, on the following day, my Mother led her to my apartment.

Languishing as she was, she was unusually powerful in softness and composure. Her dark blue eyes, through their long auburn lashes, gave a light, chaste and pale as the winter moon. Her nose was aquiline; her teeth small, regular and white; her lips red, and not repulsive; her chin short and dimpled; her cheeks, formed by the line of Grecian beauty, and her forehead full of polished majesty,  
and

and open to the thought—I could describe her no further—her throat was like that of the swan; her bosom she never displayed; my heart bounded with new life as she entered.

What is that delicious, delicate and unspeakable uneasiness we are constrained to feel, and secretly contend with in the presence of those we love! That pleasing pain which, whilst burning round the heart, shivers through the frame and chides eloquence from the tongue? Tell me, you who have nursed the fine emotions of Nature!

From the moment my Guardian had promised me this interview, I lay forming fine passages of rhetoric. Filling my eyes with modesty, that I might look like Emily; and was even angry with myself for not being so handsome

handsome as that controuler of my desires. — She came—I was dumb — She looked at me, I blushed at the modesty I had endeavoured to counterfeit—she spoke—I muttered a short answer tremblingly. She was surprized, and so was my Mother.

“ It does not signify, [Ladies,  
 “ you must make the best of me — I  
 “ certainly must look like a drone—  
 “ But I am convinced now, that silence  
 “ only is the language of love.”

This apology, so replete with artless truth, died where it was framed. I had not courage sufficient to breathe a syllable of it to the Ladies, and happily the shortness of my breath, occasioned by my inward tremor, was kindly ascribed to my malady — they were very right.

‘ I hope



‘ I hope you find yourself better,  
 ‘ Henry,’ (said the cool unimpassioned Beauty) ‘ the anxiety of your  
 ‘ friends speak highly in your favour.  
 ‘ My visit is by them deemed proper.  
 ‘ At their request I would make the  
 ‘ enquiry.’

“ I could wish you were impelled  
 “ from more generous motives—you  
 “ are come, perhaps, with the cruel  
 “ resolution of sealing my lips for  
 “ ever—Be that as it may, Emily, I  
 “ shall, since you are restored, leave  
 “ the world without a murmur, the  
 “ power of soothing the unhappy is  
 “ yours—let me conjure you to dry  
 “ the tears of my sorrowful parents,  
 “ and to forget, if possible, I died  
 “ for you.—”

‘ For me ! — Have you not struck  
‘ a dagger to my heart ? — Yes — it  
‘ corrodes—I cannot draw it out.’

“ Is it possible for me to wound  
“ the heart of Emily, without wound-  
“ ing my own ?—No ; we have ever  
“ felt alike, — we are now languish-  
“ ing, yet torturing each other. I  
“ must be frank with you—the time  
“ is precious, the poor unmeaning  
“ arts of fashion and reserve are unne-  
“ cessary near the bed of death ; nor  
“ were they ever needful to guard  
“ you when I was nigh.—O, Emily !  
“ you are losing sight of truth, sin-  
“ cerity, and that innocence I a-  
“ dore in you. — You are contami-  
“ nating your best sentiments with  
“ baneful pride, and disfiguring the  
“ transcendency of your mind.—Is it  
“ for you to affect resentment to pu-  
“ nish

“ nish me ; or to pretend, like the  
 “ wretched and worthless coquette,  
 “ to feel pleasure by giving pain ?  
 “ I tell you, my dearest girl, this is  
 “ an unnatural character you are per-  
 “ forming, the violation you are do-  
 “ ing yourself in disguising your feel-  
 “ ings, will fill your bosom with in-  
 “ curable remorse when I am no more.  
 “ To save you that anguish, to re-  
 “ concile you to yourself and me, I  
 “ wished to see you, am thankful  
 “ for your indulgence ; and, with my  
 “ latest breath, charge you never to  
 “ be insincere.”

Emily started ; her eyes were raised  
 towards my Mother, as if she needed  
 support ; but, as if they could find  
 no resting-place, their beams were  
 again turned to me. How I admired  
 her at that moment !

‘ *Insincere!* Henry!—you—I really  
 ‘ am astonished at your throwing the  
 ‘ severity of your fortune on me—  
 ‘ why not rather impute it to your er-  
 ‘ ror?—I never was insincere—you  
 ‘ boldly suspected I could be guilty  
 ‘ —how did you dare to suppose—’

“ Subterfuge! Trifling—too tri-  
 “ fling for Emily.—You know best  
 “ my acting mind; you caused me  
 “ to be any thing, and every thing;  
 “ you gave life even to my faults,  
 “ heighthened my virtues when beside  
 “ me: I was but passive to your  
 “ power—I could not exist, in a me-  
 “ dium, without you; my soul hung  
 “ on you like that of a departing  
 “ babe on the bosom that gave it be-  
 “ ing. Then waste not the moments,  
 “ tell me not of suspicion; own I  
 “ have suffered enough—own I have  
 “ been



“ been long neglected, and whisper  
 “ peace.”

Emily was silent — apparently confused — irresolute and vanquished not by the force of my language, her war was within — she yielded to the justice of my cause, yet pride forbade her to confess it ; she assumed reserve, while her eyes were filled with sympathy.

‘ I never yet, Henry, could arrogate to myself the power of blessing you : I rather fear we have caused to each other mutual misery — you would have been happier had you never seen me.’

“ It is too late to complain, Emily  
 “ — Say you pardon my error. — In  
 “ avenging it, you act beneath your-  
 O 3 self,

“ self, and I am sinking beneath your  
 “ condemnation—you will not speak  
 “ to me—why?—Is it so great, so  
 “ arduous a trial, to comfort a man be-  
 “ reft of all?—Oh! Heaven! Could I  
 “ ever have fancied a scene like this!”

‘ All the consolation I can bestow,  
 ‘ and you can receive, Henry, is  
 ‘ your due.—Live—taste domestic  
 ‘ peace. Your Mother, my dear  
 ‘ Eleanora, deserves a son like you.  
 ‘ For my sake she will not love you  
 ‘ less. When I remember the hor-  
 ‘ rors of seclusion, I will prize you  
 ‘ for her sake and my own.’

My Mother returned her share  
 of Emily’s compliment in the most  
 graceful manner—adding,

‘ My Henry recovered, and regard-  
 ‘ ed by the whole of Count de Marfan’s  
 ‘ family,

‘ family, would spread happiness a-  
 ‘ midst a wide circle of noble and ge-  
 ‘ nerous friends.’

‘ I must assure Henry, whose good  
 ‘ opinion I still value, that I boast no  
 ‘ arts; I never left sincerity behind  
 ‘ me in the race, but I was obliged  
 ‘ to bring Henry up to a faithful  
 ‘ mirror, in which he might plainly  
 ‘ behold himself and me.’

“ Dearest Emily,”—(and I pressed  
 her hand to my parched lips)—  
 “ may you be happy as you deserve  
 “ to be!—I know not who can make  
 “ you so. You must condescend to  
 “ be blest—for me there remains no  
 “ more. The joy, the refined and  
 “ heavenly transport I feel this mo-  
 “ ment, I owe to you. With you I  
 “ once hoped to share much more.—

“ But, — I must be content. For  
 “ the gloomy journey that stretches  
 “ itself far—very far—till the mental  
 “ vision waste — I am now prepared.  
 “ — Farewell, my Emily! — I call  
 “ you mine in this solemn hour!  
 “ Should Henry ever rise to your  
 “ imagination in the solitary moment,  
 “ remember — He lived to love you  
 “ —and died—adoring.—”

‘ Is there then no hope?’ (exclaimed the loveliest of her sex—and she looked wildly) ‘ What have I done,  
 ‘ Eleanora? Have I suffered him to  
 ‘ languish till he is beyond my regard!  
 ‘ Heaven forbid—revive—revive—  
 ‘ How pale! — poor Henry! — He  
 ‘ has been neglected—yet there is no  
 ‘ mind in nature like my own, but  
 ‘ his. Where may I complain—to  
 ‘ whom may I communicate my sor-  
 ‘ rows



‘ rows and hope relief ! What a blasted  
 ‘ ed desert will the world be !—What  
 ‘ have I to do in it !’—

Emily, in her paroxysm of terror had clasped one of my cold hands in hers, and raised it to her lips !—What a touch ! My benignant fate, propitious to this blissful moment, had rendered me motionless on my pillow, but preserved my senses. I luxuriously partook of my dear enslaver’s tender woe. And answered her sighs with secret ecstasies.—What an arcanum is mutual love !

My Mother had violently rang the bell—Friends and servants rushed in—to the room without distinction, to whom she could only pronounce the name of Henry, pointing to the bed, before she swooned away, and was

O. 5. carried.

carried out for air, with Emily.— who was much in the same reduced state.

Whether this was the crisis of my love, or of my disease, or of both in one, wiser persons than me must determine: but Emily proved my best physician. In spite of the ponderous corpuscles with which my spirit was cloathed or surrounded, (according to the hypothesis of old Doctor Lignumvitæ) from that hour I made swift progress towards health and happiness.

When perfectly recovered, and sharing alternately the delights of Friendship and Conviviality, my generous Uncle, the Duke of B\*\*\*\*, informed me with a smile, ‘ that old  
‘ as he was, he once had a wish to  
‘ secure

‘ secure my mistress—I caught her  
 ‘ napping, I assure you Henry, when  
 ‘ I came into that part of the coun-  
 ‘ try where De Marfan resided. I  
 ‘ did not then know she was his  
 ‘ daughter, if I had, I should have  
 ‘ tried how well she could love me—  
 ‘ but now I am too late—Be happy,  
 ‘ worthy Henry, you alone deserve  
 ‘ the prize.’

Circumstances continued to go on  
 in a happy train, tranquillity filled  
 every bosom, but that of the widow-  
 ed Dorovontes, whom we invited to  
 forgetfulness. We could reason but  
 little with one who could reason so  
 much with himself—He fully knew  
 the necessity of obedience to the  
 events he could not oppose; and the  
 certainty of separation from all that  
 can be beloved: separation was for  
 him the more agonizing, that his

joys were in their infancy, and cut off whilst his imagination was glowing. We shared his pensiveness, we mourned with him his lost Maria; and, as if unwilling to throw an alloy into our little cup of happiness, this excellent moralist gradually became cheerful.

The vague idea of embarking for England had not recurred, nor taken hold of any of us. By endeavouring to heighten the felicity of each other, we began to be cheated into security; and preparations were making for the nuptial ceremony, which was to give me all I wished for, when Dorovontes received the following letter from his friend:

‘ DEAR FRIEND,

‘ SEARCH is still making after  
‘ Henry the younger—the elder is



‘ still a prisoner. Our acquaintance,  
 ‘ Luzineere, who was your school-  
 ‘ fellow, arrived yesterday at my house  
 ‘ from the Castle of M——, where  
 ‘ he saw the royal unfortunate, airing  
 ‘ in the court-yard, attended by four  
 ‘ military gentlemen, who walked  
 ‘ with their swords drawn; but, in  
 ‘ every other instance, appeared to be  
 ‘ deeply impressed by respect for  
 ‘ their prisoner. He was masked;  
 ‘ he speaks little; never to any per-  
 ‘ son but those who guard him; his  
 ‘ accents sound hollow; and, when  
 ‘ in a louder key, shrill, but mourn-  
 ‘ ful. I forgot to inform you, in  
 ‘ my last, that Dormoud, the Go-  
 ‘ vernor of the Castle, is reported to  
 ‘ have been privately murdered, but  
 ‘ none can tell where or how—no-  
 ‘ thing new!—Another report pre-  
 ‘ vails here, which is, that the Duke  
 ‘ of B\*\*\*\*, is still so valuable to the  
 ‘ interest<sub>s</sub>.

' interests and memory of the King,  
 ' that he will soon be recalled; and  
 ' an amnesty passed, whereby his  
 ' friends will partake not only of free  
 ' pardon, with the privilege of hav-  
 ' ing their faults buried in oblivion;  
 ' but to all, whose estates were con-  
 ' fiscated during the troubles of  
 ' France, ample amends will be made.  
 ' —Bon.

' Your old friend, the Chancellor le  
 ' Tellier, is in an ill state of health,  
 ' and has been for some time—He is  
 ' from M——, arrived at Versailles.  
 ' Will you pay me a visit this sum-  
 ' mer at ——. I am going to my  
 ' little villa; where I will expect  
 ' you—where you shall have books  
 ' and solitude, and my humble ser-  
 ' vices and attentions whenever you  
 ' are disposed to come down from  
 ' your contemplative heights. You are  
 ' con-

‘ convinced of my shallow philosophy;  
‘ phy; I reason best on the nature of  
‘ things when I am under the practical  
‘ effect of the vintage. Adieu !

Remember your faithful

And affectionate,

MIRONTERE.

By this account we perceived, Dornoud had consented to live by the plan we had marked out for him. He who had seen so many of his fellow creatures depart for the unknown shore, consoling himself with the idea that their departure left no chasm in the world, and that the sun would rise with wonted splendor on the morrow, chose to exist rather as an impostor, than suffer that form to dissolve in which his senses had known their acme of delight. And yet it is  
1 a question

a question with me, whether to exist, bereft of those delights, is not to Dormoud a greater punishment than than state of annihilation he was used to plead for.

One great satisfaction we derived from the letter of Mirontere, which was, that the state ministers still believed my Father to be within their snares; and so deeply entangled, that his life hung hourly on the hair of royal mercy. I felt little fear on my own account; but the Count de Marfan, whose extensive possessions were disposed of, and the gold they produced unoccupied, thought it most prudent, as he had not already purchased, to fix his place of residence in England, allowing his purpose was not objectionable to me and my family. The Duke of B\*\*\*\* persisted in the propriety of the measure; but  
I was



I was resolved not to move, nor again to be driven on by fortune, without securing the object who had so early usurped, and still kept the dominion of my soul. To heighten this scene, where love was presiding, the eyes of the gentle Lydia had stole a passage to the heart of Malnor—He no longer panted for the field of battle, where murder assumes the garb of glory—where, to plunge the bayonet in the human heart, is deemed meritorious. The lonely walk, the melody of the woodland choir, the gliding rivulet, gently murmuring as it pursued its destined course, untroubled and unnoticed by passing man, suited Malnor.

“And why, Lydia,” (said I one evening, as I met the artless maid)  
 “do you chuse this solitary grove?  
 “Is it that you come forth to admire  
 “the

“ the declining sun, and to add to  
 “ the evening adoration Nature pays  
 “ him as he descends? Do you not  
 “ feel some perplexity—some little  
 “ pleasure mixed with fear at stray-  
 “ ing here alone?—This, I believe,  
 “ is Malnor’s favourite walk.”

I meant to be innocently mischie-  
 vous with Lydia. I gazed at her  
 features—my questions were meant  
 to set them in play; to fill them with  
 genuine expression, that I might dis-  
 cover her heart. The ladies will say  
 what business had Henry with the  
 heart of Lydia? I answer, not much.  
 —I can only account for my offici-  
 ousness by that universal desire we all  
 have of forming resemblances. The  
 stag admires his resemblance in the  
 water, the conquering beauty glows  
 with triumph in her glass, the artist  
 patiently produces his resemblance on  
 the

the canvas, the fun forms innumerable reflexions of himself, the convert promotes the work of conversion, profelytes, of every persuasion, are for making more; even the fop owns a likeness, perhaps an affinity, in the more honest monkey: and all this is the effect of sympathy. And I, the warm, expecting votary of love, thought if the heart of Lydia melted like mine, its quality could not thereby alter, it could not be debased. The pious Pilgrim wishes, when he sets out for the tomb of the great Prophet, that many would join him under the same heavenly influence. Then why might I not wish Lydia to be under my guiding star? I certainly did, and the features of the maid were true to the workings of her heart. When I mentioned Malnor, she blushed, her bosom visibly palpitated; in a moment she  
with-

withdrew her charming eyes from mine, and appeared to be a little hurt by my insinuation.

“ Who gave you that nest of birds,  
 “ Lydia?—Surely you were not the  
 “ robber? ”

She held a nest of linnets in her hand newly-fledged.—

‘ Malnor gave it me yesterday, Sir,  
 ‘ —the little creatures will not eat,  
 ‘ and I am going to place them  
 ‘ again in the bush he took them  
 ‘ from!’

“ How will you find the same  
 “ bush?”

‘ I was—’

“ With him?—”

‘ No,



‘ No, Sir — I was shewed it by  
‘ my brother, who was with him.’

“ Pursue your purpose, Lydia, it  
“ becomes you to be merciful.”

‘ Yes, Sir—’ (acquiring courage  
enough to look up) ‘ and afterwards  
‘ I shall go home—I meant to go  
‘ home, Sir immediately to my Fa-  
‘ ther—I did not know this was  
‘ Malnor’s favourite walk.

“ I do not doubt it, Lydia—Do  
“ you remember when you led me  
“ down the dangerous steep? Do  
“ you remember how still the woods  
“ were—how fervid the sun—how  
“ careful I was of you—I mean how  
“ careful you was of me?”

‘ Yes, Sir, I remember that—and  
‘ have often wondered to myself we  
‘ did

‘ did not both fall—blefs me, if I  
 ‘ had been killed, my poor Father  
 ‘ would have broke his heart.’

“ And if I had fallen, I might  
 “ have felt the confequence at this  
 “ moment. Good evening, Lydia,  
 “ your ideas are pure—you shrink  
 “ not from recollection.”

We parted; and, as virtue would have it, the fame fun that fhone on the nuptials of Emily and me, bleffed thofe of Malnor and Lydia—fo that I had not guided her footfteps and my own for nothing.

An amnefty, was foon after paffed by Louis. The Duke of B\*\*\*\* was recalled. The Count de Marfan, my Father and Mother, my amiable wife and her two brothers, with myfelf; after feeing Malnor and his family  
 happy

happy in the possessions of Gransdine and Antonio, left little Marimette with the good Dorovontes, and embarked for England; where we are safely arrived, whilst Dormoud is keeping on the necessary disguise, and prolonging his miserable existence by deceiving THE BRUTALITY OF A KING.

My parents loving and beloved, taste that chearfulness and content, which none can know who are on a dangerous summit, rocked in the chair of state.

We admire the national character of the English, who appear to think much; to execute slowly; to be wrapped in such general reserve, that they intimidate each other, whilst thousands, I believe, steal to the grave

grave without tasting the charm of Friendship.

This people will grow wiser.— Since our arrival, two sons and a daughter have blessed the bosom of my Emily; from them we have concluded to keep the secret of their descent; and I hope, should those papers, hastily filled up, be ever found, my children will obey my last command; which is, never to acknowledge themselves as the offspring of

HENRY CAPET.



THE END.



